NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. DLX.

JULY, 1903.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SCHEME.

BY HAROLD COX.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, as an astute electioneerer, has very wisely declared that he will abstain from giving any details of his scheme of preferential tariffs until he has received a mandate from the country. He is thus saved from a good many difficulties; but a good many others remain. And the first difficulty is this: that no scheme of preferential tariffs can be made to fit into the general free trade policy of the United Kingdom. A protectionist country can easily adopt any number of preferential tariffs, and when England was protectionist she maintained differential duties both for foreign countries and for different portions of her own empire. Such differentiation is the logical result of the principle of protection, the essence of which is, that advantages are to be given to particular producers at the expense of the general body of consumers, and therefore, necessarily, at the expense of all other producers. If once this principle of state favoritism to particular producers be accepted, it is a mere matter of detail whether the favoritism be limited to home producers or extended to such colonial producers as are able to catch the eye of the Colonial Secretary for the time being. If, however, the principle of free trade be adopted, favoritism to colonial producers is as much barred as favoritism to home producers.

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In the case of Great Britain, the colonial favoritism which Mr. Chamberlain advocates ought, on grounds of equity, to be even more barred than the protection for British farmers of which Mr. Henry Chaplin is the most prominent advocate. The British wheat grower and his landlord would, at any rate, give something to the nation in return for the boons which Mr. Chaplin is anxious to confer upon them. As their incomes rose with the increased price of grain, so would the amount of their income tax also rise. In the case of Mr. Chamberlain's colonies, however, there would be no return at all. The colonial producers whom he wishes to favor pay no income tax to the Imperial Exchequer; and nothing is more certain than that the self-governing colonies will refuse absolutely to make any serious contribution to the general cost of defending the British Empire.

If, then, it is the policy of Great Britain to refuse to give any kind of tariff favoritism to her home producers, *a fortiori* is she compelled to refuse such favors to colonial producers. Mr. Chamberlain only meets this argument with a rhetorical appeal to Imperial sentiment. His scheme is to bind the Empire together, even at the cost of some sacrifice to the Mother Country. How great that sacrifice would be from a commercial point of view I shall presently show; but the point on which I wish now to insist is that the primary sacrifice involved is a sacrifice of common justice. Canada has just about the same population as Scotland. It is impossible that even Mr. Chamberlain can bind Canada more closely to the Empire than Scotland already is bound. Yet Scotland has no preferential tariff; but she pays heavily for the general defence of the Empire, while Canada pays not one cent.

The truth is that Mr. Chamberlain appears to have fallen into confusion, by talking of the German Zollverein and of the American Union, without troubling first to examine what are the essential features of those great federations. The Constitution itself forbids the creation of tariff boundaries between the different States of the Union. The German Zollverein, in exactly the same way, is founded upon the abolition of all internal customs lines. It is difficult to exaggerate the advantages which Germany and the United States have derived from this establishment of absolute free trade over a wide area of territory. Mr. Chamberlain appears to be dreaming of similar advantages for the British Empire; but he has overlooked the important fact that

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a Zollverein or Customs Union necessitates a common exchequer or treasury. If the duties levied at Boston Harbor were paid into the Massachusetts State treasury instead of into the Federal Treasury, there would be an end of the commercial union of the United States. In the same way, the commercial union of the German Empire would come to an end if the separate frontier States were allowed to collect the duties on goods from foreign countries, and thus appropriate to themselves entirely revenue which partly belonged to their neighbors in the interior. The only possible way of working a customs union is by means of a Federal customs service and a Federal treasury, and these imply some sort of Federal parliament or council to control them.

Either Mr. Chamberlain has failed to grasp these essential characteristics of the German Zollverein and of the American Customs Union, or he is living in a fool's paradise with regard to colonial sentiment. The idea that Canada, or Australia or New Zealand would ever consent to have their customs duties fixed by the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, collected by Imperial customs officers and paid into an Imperial treasury is mere midsummer madness.

It is, however, conceivable that the British Colonies, while refusing to have their revenues swept up by Imperial tax-gatherers, might yet be willing to exempt from all protective duties goods coming from the Mother Country. Not only is this conceivable, but so far as the greater part of the British Empire is concerned, the thing is already done. England's greatest possession—the Empire of India—is governed on free trade principles; and, though small duties are levied for purposes of revenue, they give no effective protection to Indian producers as against British producers. Similar conditions prevail in the important colonies of Ceylon, Singapore, and Hongkong, which do a very large business with the United Kingdom on the basis of absolute or approximate free trade. The other tropical or semi-tropical colonies are in much the same position. Cape Colony and Natal have a protectionist bias; but that does not yet hurt the Mother Country, because those colonies have not yet developed a manufacturing industry of their own. It is, in fact, only in Canada, Australia and New Zealand that any real protection against British goods is to be found. So the pompous phrase "Free Trade within the Empire," means only that Canada, Aus-

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tralia, and New Zealand should abandon the protective duties they now maintain against the goods of the rest of the Empire, and specially against the goods of the Mother Country. These Colonies take less than 14 per cent. of the exports of British and Irish goods from the United Kingdom. On the other hand, Great Britain buys about 60 per cent. of all they have to sell.

Plain business men would probably contend that the favors already given by Great Britain to these three colonies ought to be sufficient to induce them to treat her goods with the same liberality with which she treats theirs. In the first place, she provides for their defence, and thus saves them from an expense of many millions, sterling, a year which they would incur if they were independent nations. She also provides them with consular and diplomatic agents in all parts of the world, whose services are at the disposal of all British subjects, although the inhabitants of the United Kingdom alone pay for them. She further throws open to all her colonial subjects posts in the civil and military services of the United Kingdom and the great civil service of India. Finally, she provides an open market which the colonies mentioned find so convenient that they send there the greater portion of their exports. If these favors do not avail to induce the self-governing colonies to give fair play to the goods of the Mother Country, it may well be asked, What more do they want?

The answer given by the Canadians is, that they want the Mother Country to tax other people's goods in order that theirs may have an advantage. But, supposing that this cool demand were conceded, would the colonies treat the Mother Country as well as she treats them? Not a bit of it! They would merely treat her slightly better than they treat foreign countries. Whatever the Australians may do, the Canadians have made it clear that they have not the slightest intention of abandoning the effective protection which they now maintain against British goods.

It is sometimes said in defence of the cynically selfish attitude adopted by the Canadians, that they cannot afford to give free trade to British goods, because they must, owing to their scattered population, raise the principal part of their revenue by customs duties. Mr. Chamberlain dealt fully with this argument at the Colonial Conference last summer, pointing out that the difficulty

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could be surmounted either by confining the customs duties to goods not produced in the colonies, or by balancing every customs duty on British goods by an excise duty on colonial goods. Either system would give effective free trade, and would diminish the burdens on the Canadian taxpayer without diminishing the Canadian revenues. By way of concrete illustration of this important financial principle, which is the foundation of the English fiscal system, it may be mentioned that, if there were a duty on tea in Canada equal to the duty paid on tea by people of the United Kingdom, this single duty would yield a revenue largely in excess of the total revenue now yielded by the following thirty or forty separate heads in the tariff: Adzes and axes; anvils and vises; boots, shoes and bootlaces; braces; brooms and brushes; buttons; aluminum, brass, copper, lead, tin, zinc, and manufactures thereof; candles; carpet-sweepers, cordage and twine; collars and cuffs; corsets; files and rasps; glass; glue; grease; ink; needles; paints and colors; pocket-knives; table-knives and other cutlery; salt; sewing-machines; soap; saws and other tools.

But that tea duty will not be imposed; and these protective duties will not be swept away, because the persons who profit by them have a commanding influence in the councils of the Canadian government. As long as that influence continues, so long will Canada refuse to give free trade to the United Kingdom.

Is there, then, any immediate prospect of the protectionists in Canada losing their power? So far as can be gathered, the tendency is the other way. It was as a free-trader that Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into power. It was in the name of free trade that he introduced his British preferential tariff in 1897. Conclusive evidence on this point is furnished by his speech to the Cobden Club deputation which presented him with a gold medal on August 16th, 1897, for the services which they believed that he had rendered to free trade. He then explicitly declared that Canada had adopted the principle of free trade, and was moving towards a practical realization of that principle by steps as rapid as possible. After referring to the success which England had achieved by her so-called "one-sided free trade," he concluded:

"In Canada, we can do no better than follow the example thus set us. There are parties who hope to maintain the British Empire on lines of restricted trade. If the British Empire is to be maintained, it can only be upon the most absolute freedom, political and commercial. In build-

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ing up this great Empire, to deviate from the principle of freedom will be to so much weaken the ties and the bonds which now bind it together."

Those were the views held by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1897, but he had already shown that he was powerless to carry them into practice. The Laurier tariff of 1897 was undoubtedly inspired by free trade aspirations, but it was dominated throughout by protectionist influences. Its main feature was a reduction in the duties on certain food-products and raw materials. This measure was certainly of great advantage to Canada as a whole, but it was specially of advantage to the manufacturing interest. The only step taken against that interest was the concession of a rebate off the general tariff to all goods coming from Great Britain. This concession served a double purpose. In the first place, it was a reply to the United States protectionists who had just refused to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Canada. In the second place, it enlisted patriotic sentiment on behalf of the tariff, and so enabled Sir Wilfrid Laurier to surmount the interested opposition of the Canadian manufacturers. Even with this double lever, however, he did not feel strong enough to defy all the manufacturers, and therefore took steps to appease an important section of that body by raising the duties on cotton manufactures—a measure which neutralized very largely, so far as cotton was concerned, the rebate on British goods.

The Canadian premier, fresh from a free trade victory at the polls, was unable to defy the protectionist manufacturers. Their power has continued to grow, while his free trade declarations have become rarer and rarer. Whether he is still a convinced free-trader, he alone knows; but he certainly takes care to avoid saying so in public. It is, therefore, reasonable to infer that the protectionist manufacturers are the dominating influence in Canadian politics. They have made their views with regard to preferential trade perfectly clear. At a meeting of the Manufacturers' Association held in August last, a resolution was unanimously passed, asking for the immediate revision of the Canadian tariff upon lines which would more effectually transfer to the workshops of the Dominion the manufacture of goods now imported from other countries. They added that they were willing to give a substantial preference to the Mother Country, provided that "the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers."

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A preference on such terms as these is clearly delusive. In Mr. Chamberlain's own language less than a year ago:

"So long as a preferential tariff, even a munificent preference, is still sufficiently protective to exclude us altogether, or nearly so, from your markets, it is no satisfaction to us that you have imposed even greater disability upon the same goods if they come from foreign markets, especially if the articles in which foreigners are interested come in under more favorable conditions."

The sting of the last phrase in the above quotation lies in the fact that, under the so-called British preferential tariff, the average duty on the sum total of American goods entering Canada is less than the average duty on British goods. The reason is very simple. A large part of the goods sent by America to Canada consists of raw material admitted free or at very low duties, whereas practically the whole of the goods sent from the United Kingdom to Canada consist of fully manufactured articles on which high duties are charged. Consequently, the general effect of the Canadian tariff is rather to encourage American than British trade. The results may be seen in the following striking fact: During the five years preceding 1897, the British imports into Canada represented one-third of Canada's total imports; during the five years that have since elapsed, the proportion of British imports has sunk to a quarter.

This delusive preference Mr. Chamberlain proposes to buy. What is the price that the people of the United Kingdom will have to pay for the purchase? The answer to that question is admirably stated in the resolution passed by the Congress of Co-operators held at Doncaster on June 1st, 1903:

"That this Congress, representing two millions of working-class consumers, takes the earliest opportunity of entering its emphatic protest against any tampering with the Free Trade policy of the country by any system of preferential tariffs, believing that the same would increase the cost of food to the poorest, diminish remuneration and the area of employment, promote international ill-will and consequent growth of militarism; further, it strongly condemns the proposal to exploit the poverty and patriotism of the people in a cause which, in addition to promoting strife between the great nations of the world, will tend to crush the growing policy of friendship between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race."

It is most gratifying to see that this body, representing what has well been called the aristocracy of the English working

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classes, laid stress, not merely on the injury Mr. Chamberlain's scheme would inflict on their class interests, but also on the even wider mischief that would be done by the stimulation of international strife, and in particular by the creation of ill-feeling between England and the United States. England, in adopting a policy of protection, whether for the benefit of her colonies or of favored classes at home, would only be doing what France and Germany and the United States already do. These countries would, therefore, have no right to resent her action. But, in matters of trade relations, it is unsafe to argue as if nations were individuals. A trading nation is an aggregate of individuals, with divergent and often opposite interests. The individuals in the United States who are responsible for the heavy tariff against British goods, are the manufacturers. They would not be hurt if England were to impose a heavy duty on American wheat for the benefit of Canadian wheat growers. The man who would be hurt would be the American farmer, with whom England has no cause of quarrel. If he saw his business ruined by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, his bitterness against the authors of that ruin would not be mitigated by the reflection that his own countrymen had for years been acting unfairly to British industries. He would probably also reflect that these same countrymen of his had, during the same period, been acting with equal unfairness to himself, by depriving him of the opportunity of buying what he wanted where he could get it best. So far as Mr. Chamberlain's scheme was effective, it is certain that a great wave of distress would pass over the wheat-growing sections of the United States, and the consequent hostility against England would be deplored, I believe, not less sincerely by Americans than by Englishmen.

As regards Germany, the position presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour was grotesque in its inaccuracy. Both ministers spoke as if Germany had been guilty of some kind of high treason against the British Empire, because she applied her maximum tariff to Canadian goods, when Canada applied her maximum tariff to German goods. "Germany refuses to recognize Canada as part of our Empire." So stated both these ministers; and the House of Commons expressed its indignation with an angry murmur. The real fact is that Germany was only carrying out the doctrine laid down by Lord Salisbury, when, at the request of Canada, he denounced

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in 1897 the Anglo-German commercial treaty of 1865. Under that treaty, it was not possible either for Canada to favor England as compared with Germany, or for Germany to favor England as compared with Canada. Lord Salisbury in denouncing this treaty said: "For many years, the British self-governing colonies have enjoyed complete tariff autonomy, and, in all recent commercial treaties concluded by Great Britain, it has been customary to insert an article empowering the self-governing colonies to adhere or not at will."

The Anglo-German treaty of 1865 limited this "complete tariff autonomy" so far as Germany was concerned. Therefore it was denounced. After the denunciation, Canada was free to enter into any arrangements she pleased with Germany or with England. The Germans were, therefore, not merely authorized, but were compelled, to treat Canada as a separate fiscal unit. Negotiations for a treaty of commerce between Canada and Germany were at once commenced, but hitherto have failed. It is surely not the first time in the history of the world that two countries, each actuated by a strong protectionist bias, have failed to arrive at a mutually satisfactory treaty of commerce. Where the blame lies for the failure need not be considered. In this case, as in others, it is probably divided equally. The important point, however, is that Germany has taken no step whatever that can fairly be called aggressive. Pending the negotiation of a treaty of commerce, she has merely placed Canada on the list of non-treaty countries. What else could she have done?

As a matter of fact, this "insult" does not appear greatly to have affected the growth of trade between Canada and Germany; for, according to Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, exports from Canada to Germany increased from $1,045,000 in 1897 to $2,142,000 in 1901. They further rose to $2,693,000 in 1902. In these circumstances, the action of Canada in imposing a special surtax upon German goods, as an avowed act of commercial war, is more worthy of a petulant child than of a grown nation. Yet this is the quarrel in which the 42,000,000 people of the United Kingdom are invited to take a hand.

And at what a cost! Ever since England adopted free trade, she has enjoyed the enormous advantage of most-favored-nation treatment in all the markets of the world. Other countries worry about the details of commercial treaties; England reaps the bene-

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fit. That is a primary advantage of her free trade position, which would disappear instantly if she embarked upon a tariff war for the benefit of a colony which itself maintains a heavy tariff against her goods. The other and greater advantage which she would lose would be the enormous boon of cheap food and cheap raw materials. Mr. Balfour, in trying to minimize Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, said that there was no intention of taxing raw materials, and Mr. Chamberlain repeated this with the important safeguard that he would not commit himself for all time. At present, all he asked for was a tax on food. He was wise thus to guard himself, for in practice the distinction between food and raw materials cannot be maintained. Dr. Johnson remarked that oats are a food of men in Scotland and of horses in England. In the same way, maize is a food for men in the West of Ireland and for cattle in England and Scotland. Even wheat is sometimes used as a feeding stuff when poor in quality, and the offal obtained in grinding wheat is always so used. Therefore, a tax on any one of these staples is a tax, not merely on the food of the people who have to pay for running the British Empire, but also a tax on the raw materials of important British industries. Again, a tax on foreign cattle or sheep would tend to raise the price, not only of beef and mutton, but also of hides and skins, horns and hoofs, the raw materials of a number of important industries.

The question has a still wider aspect; for, from the point of view of the manufacturer, the food of the workman is one of the raw materials of the industry. If the price of the workman's food is raised, one of two things must happen, either wages will rise or they will not. Evidently, it is the former alternative which Mr. Chamberlain contemplates. But if the manufacturer has to pay higher wages his cost of production is increased, and he is less able to compete in the markets of the world, including the colonial markets. Thus Canada stands to get a double gain, on Mr. Chamberlain's own hypothesis, out of Great Britain's loss. Her farmers will benefit by the rise in prices of their food exports, and her manufacturers will benefit by the increased disability under which their British rivals will be placed.

Let us now take the other alternative, that the wages paid to British workmen do not rise in consequence of Mr. Chamberlain's tax on food. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why they should so rise. Wages are not fixed by the cost of the laborer's

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food, but by the law of supply and demand as applied to labor. The supply could not be suddenly altered, and therefore wages would not rise unless there was an increased demand for labor. Where is that increased demand to come from? What Mr. Chamberlain proposes to do is to sacrifice the major portion of Great Britain's trade in order to encourage the minor portion. That hardly seems likely to lead to an increased demand for labor. So that Mr. Chamberlain's taxes would either cause a diminished consumption of food in working-class households, or would leave less margin for other forms of expenditure. In the former case, the physique of the nation would suffer; in the latter case, there would be a diminished popular demand for manufactured goods and a consequent injury to the great industries of the country, to be probably followed in turn by a further fall in wages.

This silly Zollverein craze, surely, could never have obtained even the partial support which has been accorded to it, if English statesmen had troubled to think out the principles upon which the wealth of nations is based, or had taken the pains to investigate the facts which are essential to the controversy. Even the Prime Minister did not hesitate to repeat in his place in the House of Commons the monstrous mis-statement, put about by protectionists, that Great Britain's foreign trade is declining. As a matter of fact, Great Britain's trade is more prosperous than ever it was; her capital is increasing year by year, and her people are better fed and clothed and housed than ever before. No more striking proof could be given of the marvellous prosperity of Great Britain than the fact that this little island was able to bear without serious strain the cost of a three years' war, while her big protectionist neighbors on the Continent are faced with successive deficits upon their peace expenditure. This same little island maintains, at an enormous annual cost, military and naval forces that defend not herself alone but her colonies as well. Yet it is lightheartedly proposed to break up the system upon which this marvellous prosperity has been reared, and to sacrifice the people who bear the whole burden of the Empire for the benefit of a small body of colonials, who make no return for the advantages they already receive, and who maintain towards the trade of the Mother Country an attitude of determined hostility, veiled by delusive preferences.

HAROLD COX.

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THE SERVIAN TRAGEDY.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, RETIRED.

> "But in these cases
> We still have judgment here; that we but teach
> Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
> To plague th' inventor."—MACBETH.

THERE is a mediæval largeness and ferocity about the Servian assassinations, a grim, red realism sufficiently startling in these later days. The sudden and final catastrophe, which swept the Obrenovitch dynasty to irremediable ruin, was not less dire and appalling than the closing act of the great tragedy above quoted. There was much, also, to remind us of the atmosphere of Macbeth, in the low moral sense, or absolute lack of moral sense, which accompanied the killing at Belgrade, where murders were worked out as a matter of cold speculation and expediency; not merely the King and his consort being put to death, but also the Queen's brothers and friends, and, to make the thing thorough, the ministers and adherents of the dying dynasty. We are told that both King and Queen were hacked with sabres before they were shot; that their bodies were then tossed from a balcony into the garden, where the last spark of life lingered in them for an hour or more, while the details of the new government were being arranged by their assassins. It was the sense of the tremendous dramatic force of it all that held the whole Western world enthralled by the details of the tragedy, far more than any feeling of the dynastic or political import of the change in sovereignty of one of the least known and least important European states.

The full force of the catastrophe in Macbeth cannot be gained from the last act alone. We must know what has gone before; we must watch the first stirrings of ambition, be present at the death of Duncan, and witness the progressive moral ruin of the

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new King and Queen, before we grasp the full significance of the combat under Dunsinane. In like manner, we must follow the early history of the great feud which has hung like a thunder-cloud over Servia for nearly a century, before we can rightly appreciate the horrible retribution to the house of Obrenovitch, that for the third time brings the rival race of Kara Georgé to supreme power in the Servian realm.

Contrary to the general view, it was not the oppression of the Sultan which led to the great Servian insurrection a century ago, that brought to the surface the two potent personalities whose descendants have ever since contended for the Servian crown. It was rather the military despotism and unbridled license of the Turkish Janissaries, who, like another Pretorian Guard, directed their insolence and tyranny even against the throne. For years the Servian patriots and the Sultan Selim were firm and faithful allies in the struggle against the Janissaries, and it was only the attempt of the Servians to overreach and browbeat the Sultan which finally dissolved the alliance, and turned what had been in a sense a reform movement and an agitation of tenant against landlord, into an armed revolution.

Just a hundred years ago the tyranny of the Janissaries was at its height. In the early spring of 1804 they organized and carried out a wholesale massacre of the Servian leaders, whom the Sultan was preparing to employ against them. In that massacre nearly every considerable man in the province fell, one of the few who escaped, fleeing to the mountains, being the great Kara Georgé, or Black George, whose grandson has just been elected King. Like all the Servians of Christian faith, Georgé Petrovitch belonged to the peasant class, the semi-feudal nobility being wholly Mussulman, whether of Turkish race or converts to Islam. The native Servians were practically serfs, and their position is indicated by their lack of surnames, the name of the father with a patronymic termination being the only form of distinction, as Georgé, son of Peter, or Petrovitch, and Milosh, the son of Obren, or Obrenovitch. In the same way, Karageorgévitch means son or descendant of Kara Georgé, or Black George, the son of Peter. Black George and his family, like all the peasants among the oak forests of the Balkans, owned great herds of swine that were fed on the mast in the oak woods. Black George had his first taste of fighting in the Austrian invasion of the Emperor

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Joseph II., but soon broke away from the irksome discipline of the army and entered the great school of brigandage, from which so many Balkan heroes have graduated. The rugged rocks and dense forests of oak and beech which cover the Balkans are splendid hiding-places for these modern knights errant, and no more ideally qualified brigand than Kara Georgé ever took to the hills and woods. Of huge stature and gigantic strength, dark-browed and dark-haired, Black George was gloomy, impetuous, passionate, falling into fits of silence that lasted for days, then breaking out into some wild deed of valor or wilder atrocity. Nothing really aroused him but the sound of battle. Withal, the man was an essential savage. He shot his own father, hanged his brother, and tortured his mother, in a fit of blind fury.

When Black George fled from the massacre of the Janissaries he took refuge in the forest depths of Shumadia, the ancient poetical name of Servia, signifying the "Land of the Forests," already familiar from brigand days. The peasants and his old followers began to rally round him, many of them armed with pitchforks and scythes. They hailed Kara Georgé as their Commander and Supreme Chief, and went forth to do battle against the Janissaries. They came to close quarters under the fortress of Shabats on the Danube, in the northwestern corner of the country, and their first victory there, with the capture of the fort, turned the Servian band into an army. From Shabats they marched down the river towards the "White City," Belgrade; like the knights of our Middle Ages, they wore the clothes and armor of the defeated Turks, many of the swords and guns being adorned with gold and silver and jewels, in the gorgeous fashion of the East.

Up to this time they were faithful subjects of the Sultan Selim, who even went so far as to order the Pasha of Bosnia to come to their assistance against the tyranny of the landlords and Janissaries. The Pretorian Guard saw that the game was lost, and laid down their arms before the conquerors. Then came the first rift. The Sultan requested his faithful Servians to disband and return to the ways of peace. Black George retorted by sending envoys to demand impossible concessions from Selim. The result was war. The Pasha of Nish, the chief city of southern Servia, was ordered to scatter the fractious peasants, and advanced with a light heart to carry out his task. He was as-

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tounded to find himself face to face with ten thousand men, with the ferocious giant, Black George, at their head. The Pasha fled in dismay, and presently killed himself in remorse for his cowardice.

Two armies were now closing on the Servians, thirty thousand troops from Bosnia on the west, and an even larger force of Turks from the east. Black George fought a fight in the plain of Mishar, close to Shabats, that recalls the exploits of the Homeric heroes. Achilles-like, he raged against the foe, hacking men to pieces, and roaring at the enemy and at his own flagging troops. The fight was a triumph of personal valor, and the Bosnian army was scattered in flight. The fierce guerilla warfare, for which that land of mountains and forests is so preeminently suited, was carried on unwearyingly against the Turkish army from the east, and by the end of 1806, two years and a half after Black George's first flight to the hills, the Sultan Selim was willing to make Servia a semi-independent, self-governing province. At the last moment he hesitated and revoked his promise, and Black George marched against Belgrade. He took the city, made and broke promises of safe-conduct for the surrendering garrison, and signalized his victory by a general massacre of the Moslem inhabitants, sacking and destroying a great part of the city in a fashion truly mediæval.

Within a few months Servia had made some progress towards self-government. A Skupshtina, or parliament, was summoned, with a Senate as an upper chamber. But Kara Georgé unconsciously repeated an exploit of Oliver Cromwell's, bidding his soldiers point their guns through the windows of the parliament house, and assuming sole power as a dictator. He soon began to cherish ambitions for extending his rule by conquering Bosnia and Herzegovina, and establishing once more the empire of Dushan over a vast region speaking everywhere the same or almost identical Slavonic tongues. Then came the murder of Sultan Selim by the Janissaries, and the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war. In this war, for the first time in history, the armies of Russia, Servia and Montenegro, three typical Slavonic nations, fought side by side. Russia's victory secured the freedom of Servia, but alarmed Kara Georgé, who felt his despotic power endangered, and took extraordinary means to concentrate all the resources of the nation in his own hands.

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Amongst other opponents, Kara Georgé had to reckon with the sturdy independence of one Milosh, who took the name of Obrenovitch, or son of Obren, from a half-brother whose estates and herds of swine he inherited. In his younger days Milosh had himself herded the swine under the oak-trees; and, like Black George, he first made his mark in the fight against the Janissaries, which began with the massacre of 1804. Kara Georgé, however, won Milosh Obrenovitch over to his side, and established himself as practically despotic ruler of the Servians, reaching the summit of his power in 1811.

The Napoleonic invasion of 1812 which led Russia to make peace with Turkey, in return for a part of Bessarabia, strengthened the hands of the Turks, and Servia was once more overshadowed by the might of the Sultan. In the threatened conflict, Black George utterly lost his nerve, deserting his friends in a way that was shameful and unpardonable, and fleeing across the Danube to Austria, with whatever money and treasure he was able to seize. The date of his disgraceful flight is October 3, 1813. Milosh Obrenovitch stood in the breach, and soon gathered the nucleus of a new Servian army about him. The Turks, however, preferred peace to the sword, and Milosh assisted them in restoring order among his fellow countrymen. He even went so far as to fight against such of the Servians as resisted the new order of things, and was rewarded by gifts and honors from the hand of the Pasha. He soon betrayed his Turkish patrons, however, and once more joined the Servian bandits among the mountains. Under an oak-tree in Takovo village he made his declaration of independence, on Palm Sunday, 1815, within a few weeks of a momentous battle, fought out on the Belgian plains. His forces grew rapidly, bandits appearing from behind every rock and tree, as though by magic, in answer to his call to arms. His first great victory was fought on the bank of the river Kolubara, which flows into the Danube some twenty miles west of Belgrade. Further victories followed, and Milosh astonished the Turks by his humanity towards their wounded, even more than by his military skill. Armies closed in on him from Rumelia, Bosnia, and Albania, on the west and south; but Milosh signally defeated the Bosnian general, and greatly astonished him by returning his surrendered sword and loading him with gifts. In this, as in many other things, his policy, as much as his hu-

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manity, was in contrast with the impetuous savagery of Black George.

Russia now came to Servia's assistance, bringing pressure to bear on the Sultan, who straightway saw the advisability of making peace with the politic Milosh. Milosh willingly met the Sultan half-way, made protests of loyalty, and declared that his quarrel had been with the Pasha of Belgrade, as a local tyrant, and not at all with the central power at Stamboul. Home rule was once more granted to Servia, and Milosh began to concentrate his power, incidentally hiring a bandit to cut the throat of an archbishop who had conflicting ambitions in his own interest. With the returning sunshine the exiled giant, Black George, felt his courage revive, and he announced his determination to return to Servia, once more to take up arms against the Turks, and seek to liberate his country from the last vestige of foreign rule. Milosh Obrenovitch sent a messenger to dissuade the old bandit prince from his expedition; the messenger, failing in argument, resorted to first principles, and cut off Black George's head.

Milosh soon began to improve on the lesson of absolutism set him by Black George. He ruled despotically, with the armed hand, and reduced the popular parliament to complete insignificance. Like another Nero, he burned a suburb of Belgrade, to improve the appearance of the city. Though he had shown some humanity in dealing with the Turks, the old savage instincts now came back to him. When his power was disputed, and attempts were made to upset his throne, he had the hands and tongues of the foreign conspirators cut off before his eyes, while his enemies of Servian blood were tortured on the rack, after the fashion of the Spanish Inquisition. Matters went on in this way until 1830, when Milosh Obrenovitch made a final bargain with the Sultan, taking advantage of the powerful support of Russia, and receiving the title of Prince in return for an acknowledgment of the Sultan as Emperor and overlord of Servia. But conspiracies grew thick around his throne; and, after nine years of incessant struggle, he was compelled to abdicate, in June, 1839.

He was succeeded by a son, Milan, who died within four weeks; and a second son, Michael, who was only sixteen, took his place as head of the Obrenovitch family, and ruler of Servia. Vigor-

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ously struggling against the restraints of a regency, he finally got control of the state, only to bring himself and his family to disaster, and to find himself compelled to flee for refuge to Austria. A brief period of turmoil was ended in 1842 by the election of Alexander Karageorgévitch; that is, "the son of Kara Georgé," as Prince, the family of Black George thus coming, for the second time, to the highest power in Servia. The son of the fierce and fiery old bandit chief was a mild-mannered, politic person, very much ruled by a manly wife. On the accusation that he filled all offices of state with her relations, a movement was initiated against him, ending in an abortive conspiracy in 1857. As showing the continuity of things in Servia, it is interesting to learn that torture was resorted to in the trial of the conspirators, who were, however, finally released at the instance of the Sultan. Soon afterwards, Alexander Karageorgévitch was compelled to summon a parliament or Skupshtina, which promptly demanded his abdication. This was at the close of 1858, and a movement for the recall of Milosh Obrenovitch was promptly set on foot and immediately carried out.

Milosh returned, laden with years and enriched by experience; exile and suffering had taught him something also, for the two following years, which crowned and closed his life, are the brightest period of modern Servian history. Wonderful to tell, he died peacefully, an old man of eighty, in the autumn of 1860, and his son Michael, eclipsed by the Karageorgévitch interregnum, once more came forward, and reigned over the Servian nation.

He maintained, as far as possible, the principle of absolutism which his father had so steadfastly adhered to, allowing the Senate and Skupshtina to take no real part in affairs of state. He made some headway against the Turks, working for a removal of the Moslem garrisons which still remained to assert the power of the Sultan over Servia. He had reached a great measure of success in 1868, when he was murdered in the forest of Topchider by the party of his rival, the exiled Karageorgévitch, aided by the revolutionary Socialists, and, it is said, countenanced by Austria. This murder, however, did not prevent the accession of his second cousin, Milan Obrenovitch, then a boy of fourteen. This is the worthy prince whose escapades are too fresh in all memories to be worth recounting. He married, for her large

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fortune, Natalie Keshko, the daughter of a colonel, of Rumanian blood, in the Russian army; and his spouse had the painful experience of discovering in her hero a gambler and a roué, who concealed the inclinations of a sharper under a courtly and fascinating exterior.

The Belgian economist, Emile de Laveleye, who visited Servia in the early eighties, and who had known Milan Obrenovitch in Paris in his student days, speaks of him as "a superb cavalier, very tall and strong," and gives a charming picture of Queen Natalie: "tall, slight, with the mien of a goddess upon clouds, a warm, dazzling complexion, and large, velvet Wallachian eyes." It is somewhat pathetic, in view of the present tragedy, to find him continuing: "The only child, Prince Alexander, who came in before we went to table, was seven years old. He is full of life, and resembles his parents, in which he has no cause of complaint. What will be his destiny? Will he become the new Dushan of the Servian empire? Is it at Constantinople that he will one day put on his head the crown of the ancient emperors? In these countries of fermentation and transformation, the most audacious dreams occur naturally to the mind." One wonders what the great economist thinks of the fulfilment of his dream.

With Milan and Alexander, the story of Servia, hitherto Homeric in its force and ferocity, degenerates into a French novel of coarse intrigue. Of Milan nothing can be said that is worth saying. Perhaps the worst act of a bad life was his violent separation of Queen Natalie from her son, which opened the door for the demoralization of the latter. He left the throne to his son, then a boy of thirteen, for whom the fairest hopes were held, apparently justified by a gentle and studious nature, with a certain firmness and self-reliance. But Alexander found his evil genius in Madame Draga Maschin, daughter of a Belgrade cattle-dealer named Lunyevitza, and attached to the person of Queen Natalie as lady-in-waiting. Her husband had been a colonel in the Servian army, and some of his relations took part in the recent conspiracy at Belgrade.

The young King fell completely under her influence, and was guided by her in all his public acts, as he was dominated by her in his private life. In his seventeenth year, under her inspiration, he invited the three regents to dinner, only to have them treacherously arrested on a charge of treason, and thrown into

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prison, while he seized the reins of government and proclaimed himself ruler of Servia.

Madame Maschin finally fought her way to the throne, as a modern writer says, "by a series of sacrifices and intrigues more sensational than have ever occurred outside of fictional literature," only to find herself confronted by dangers, and met with slights, antagonisms, and hostilities. Her assumed royalty was useless to her, since no European court would consent to receive her, although her intrigues to this end were ingenious and incessant. She even went so far as to promise that her husband would recognize as heir apparent to the Servian throne a prince of the Montenegrin family allied by close friendship to the Russian court, if the royal family of Russia would only consent to receive her.

When this project met with the failure which was inevitable, Queen Draga formed a daring plan, which was to bring calamity to all concerned in it, including herself. She determined to put on the throne her own brother, Nicodemus Lunyevitza, a lieutenant in the Servian army; a project which evoked an indignant and determined protest from the Ministry, with Minister Vintch at their head. The prime minister and his colleagues called at the palace to deliver their protest, and, after an interval, were received by Alexander in the uniform of the commander-in-chief of the Servian army, and with his ill-fated Queen on his arm. Queen Draga was evidently unwilling to trust him to face the indignant Ministry without her help, and, in spite of their request, insisted on taking part in the interview. "The Queen of Servia," said Alexander, "is as much interested as I am in all affairs of state."

The premier saw that a private interview with Alexander was impracticable, and, with great reluctance, decided to carry out his mission in the Queen's presence. He spoke of the disquieting rumors which had reached the Ministry, of the Queen's intention to proclaim Lieutenant Lunyevitza heir apparent, and said that it was his duty to warn the King that neither the parliament nor the people would for a moment submit to this wholly unconstitutional act. He therefore begged that the King would consult his parliament before going any farther in the matter. Prompted by the Queen, Alexander excitedly affirmed that he would in this matter follow his own will. The minister replied

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that the will of the people must also be consulted. The Queen then put an end to this futile war of words by exclaiming that the will of the sovereign was paramount, and dragged her husband from the room. Shortly after this came the suspension of the constitution, at the Queen's instigation, an act of violence by which she made herself absolute ruler of the King and of Servia, and provoked the terrible retribution in which the latent savagery of the Balkans came once more to the surface. Thus perished the family of Milosh, the swineherd, and, by recent vote of the Senate and Skupshtina, the grandson of Black George, the bandit-warrior, reigns in their stead.

It is an element of security in his position that his sister-in-law is Queen of Italy, her children, including the heir apparent to the throne of Italy, being first cousins to the two sons of the new King Peter, and also grandchildren of the old Prince of Montenegro. The Montenegrin royal family, as we saw, is bound by close ties of friendship with the Russian court, the late Czar having more than once declared that Prince Nicholas was his only sincere friend in Europe. The two sons of the new Servian King are at present in Russia, the language of which is almost identical with their own, and to which they are further bound by community of faith.

Such, then, is the record of Servia for the last hundred years: a record full of murders, torturings, battles, intrigues, conspiracies. Yet we should not thoughtlessly condemn the Servian nation for all this savagery and ferocity. These are but the growing-pains of a nascent race. Through the same welter of blood and death the older peoples of western Europe emerged into conscious national life, nations, some of which are falling now into the sear, the yellow leaf, while the younger Slavonic peoples, full of fierce power and combative ambition, are only entering on the path of nationality. Even in this red record of the Balkans there are abundant qualities of valor and devotion, which, when refined and transmuted to a riper culture, will add to the permanent treasures of the human race.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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OUR MANUFACTURES IN THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

BY O. P. AUSTIN, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

EXPORTATION of manufactures forms the subject of one of the most interesting chapters in the wonderful story of the development of American production and commerce. The growth of our general exports from seventy million dollars in 1800 to fourteen hundred millions in 1900, is sufficient to excite the surprise and admiration of the observing world and to justify the pride of the American citizen; but the expansion of our exports of manufactures from two millions in 1800 to four hundred and thirty-three millions in 1900 seems a still greater commercial triumph, especially when we find that this growth occurs largely in European markets.

Until recently, we have had no definite information regarding the distribution of our exported manufactures. We have known, in a general way, that large purchases of certain manufactured articles were going to certain European countries; but it is only as the results of recent and careful analyses that we have learned that half of the manufactures exported by this young and newly developed country go to that old and well-developed section of the world, where manufacturing is the chief industry, Europe. But this is true. Of the $400,000,000 worth of manufactures exported last year, practically $200,000,000 went to Europe; of the nearly three billion dollars' worth exported in the last decade, more than a billion and a half dollars' worth was sent to European countries.

Even more astonishing, if possible, is the fact that one-fourth of the exports of manufactures go to that great manufacturing country, the United Kingdom, and that fully one-half of the

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total goes to British territory. Of the $400,000,000 worth of manufactures exported last year $100,000,000 worth went to the United Kingdom, and another $100,000,000 worth to her colonial possessions.

Considering the distribution by grand divisions and the relation of manufactures to our total exports to these divisions, it may be said, still speaking in round terms, that of the $400,000,000 worth of manufactures exported last year, $200,000,000 or one-half of the total, went to Europe; $100,000,000, or one-fourth of the total, to North America; $43,000,000, or about eleven per cent. of the total, to Asia; $27,000,000, or about seven per cent. of the total, to Oceania; $23,000,000, or about six per cent. of the total, to South America; and $11,000,000, or nearly three per cent., to Africa. Manufactures formed practically twenty per cent. of the total exports to Europe, thirty-three per cent. of those to Africa, fifty-two per cent. of those to North America, sixty-two per cent. of those to South America, sixty-eight per cent. of those to Asia, and eighty per cent. of those to Oceania. To Europe the exports of manufactures from the United States have grown from $76,000,000 in 1892 to practically $200,000,000 in 1902; and to North America, from $33,000,000 in 1892 to $100,000,000 in 1902; to Asia they have increased in the same time from $15,000,000 to $43,000,000; to Oceania, from $11,000,000 to $27,000,000; to South America, from $17,000,000 to $23,000,000, and to Africa from $4,000,000 to $11,000,000.

The share which manufactures form of the total exports has steadily increased while our general exports have been so rapidly growing. The total exports have doubled since 1879, but those of manufactures have practically quadrupled meantime. Products of agriculture have of course always formed the largest share of our exports. In 1880, they formed eighty-five per cent. of the total exports, and manufactures formed but twelve per cent. of the total. In 1900, agricultural products formed but sixty-one per cent. of the total, while manufactures had so increased that they formed thirty-one per cent. of the total. The exportation of agricultural products has increased less than forty per cent. since 1880, while that of manufactures has increased three hundred per cent. in that time. The actual increase in the exportation of agricultural products from 1880 to 1901, the year of the largest exports of agricultural products, was but $258,000,000; while the

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increase in the exports of manufactures in that same period was $308,000,000. Thus, in the past twenty years, manufactures have not only outrun agricultural products in the percentage of increase, but in the actual increase in the number of dollars' worth exported. In 1880 the agricultural exports were $686,000,000, and those of manufactures, $102,000,000; in 1902 those of agriculture were $851,000,000, and those of manufactures $403,000,000. Thus, comparing 1902 with 1880, the gain in agricultural exports was $165,000,000, and in exports of manufactures $301,000,000.

Still another evidence of the remarkable growth in exports of manufactures is found by a comparison of the growth of exports with that of production. The Census reports show that the production of manufactures has grown from one billion dollars, still speaking in round terms, in 1850 to four billions in 1870, five billions in 1880, nine billions in 1890, and thirteen billions in 1900. This is a rapid growth, but the percentage of growth in exportation of manufactures is even larger than that of production in that period. The exportation of manufactures in 1850 amounted to only $17,000,000, and in 1900 was $433,000,000, or about twenty-five times as much as in 1850; while the production of manufactures was only thirteen times as much in 1900 as in 1850.

There is one other opportunity to measure the growth of our progress in manufacturing, and that is to compare our increase in production with that of other great manufacturing nations. The four great manufacturing nations of the world are the United States, Great Britain, Germany and France. While the other nations do not take a census of manufacturing, as does the United States, there are certain methods by which their production may be closely estimated. The late Mr. Mulhall made careful estimates of the value of the manufactures of these four nations, and they show that the growth of the United States has been much more rapid than that of any of the others, and that the United States in the short period from 1860 to 1888, passed from the foot of the list to its head. He estimated that the value of the manufactures of these four countries stood in 1860, as follows: United States, $1,907,000,000; Germany, $1,995,000,000; France, $2,092,000,000, and the United Kingdom, $2,808,000,000. Thus, the United States was then at the bottom of the list.

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In 1888 his figures stood: France, $2,360,000,000; Germany, $2,837,000,000; the United Kingdom, $3,990,000,000; and the United States, $7,022,000,000. Thus, the United States, in the short period from 1860 to 1888, passed from the bottom to the top of the list of the world's greatest manufacturing countries. The period from 1888 to 1894 gave the United States, however, much greater predominance, Mr. Mulhall's figures for that year being: France, $2,900,000,000; Germany, $3,357,000,000; the United Kingdom, $4,263,000,000; and the United States $9,498,000,000. The actual increase in the value of manufactures produced in these four countries from 1860 to 1894 was, according to these figures, France $808,000,000, Germany, $1,362,000,000, United Kingdom $1,455,000,000, United States $7,591,000,000.

Thus, if we compare the growth of production of manufactures in the United States with that in other great manufacturing countries of the world, we find that the United States has far surpassed them; if we compare exportation of manufactures with total exportation, or with agricultural exportation alone, we find that the increase in manufactures has been more rapid than in any other class, and, if we compare exportation of manufactures with production of manufactures, we also find that exportation has made greater development than production.

The causes of this growth in production and exportation are not difficult to find. In the first half of the last century, the United States was accumulating population and area, and learning the productive capacity of its soil and climate, the capacity of its varied population for diverse occupations and discovering its limitless possibilities of production. In the next quarter of a century, it occupied itself in building railroads, which opened up its great productive interior and showed that its wealth was not only in the productive soil but in the great mass of minerals beneath the surface. In the closing quarter of the century, its people learned the art of bringing products of the mine and forest and field together for manufacturing. During the century twenty million people, most of them industrious and orderly, came from other countries to make homes in the United States and aid in the development of its industries. In 1850, we had but 9,000 miles of railroad; in 1875, we had 75,000 miles;

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and in 1902, we had 200,000 miles, with which to assemble the cotton of the South, the wool of the West, the timber of the North, the iron and copper of the Northwest, and the coal of the great Central section. The cotton product increased from a little over two million bales in 1850 to nearly four millions in 1875, and eleven millions in 1902. The wool production increased from 52,000,000 pounds in 1850, to 181,000,000 in 1875, and 316,000,000 in 1902. The copper product grew from 650 tons in 1850 to 18,000 in 1875, and 268,000 in 1902. The pig-iron production developed from a half million tons in 1850 to about two millions in 1875, and seventeen millions in 1902. Coal, which furnished the power for assembling these great articles, and heat and power for manufacturing them after they were assembled, grew in production from 3,000,000 tons in 1850 to 46,000,000 in 1875, and 261,000,000 in 1902. Meantime, the population grew from 23,000,000 in 1850 to 44,000,000 in 1875, and 79,000,000 in 1902. Thus, population in 1902 is three and a half times as much as in 1850, while the production of the great articles for manufacturing is in most cases from five to fifty times as great, production of manufactures thirteen times as great, and the facilities of transportation twenty times as great. Then, at the last moment, when we fancied that the summit in our productive powers had been reached, a new element in production and transportation made its appearance, in the form of electricity, which, generated by streams which were formerly considered valueless, and transported on a simple piece of wire, furnishes power and heat and light to aid further in the development we had already made in that century of wonderful growth.

Meantime, the facilities of distribution to other parts of the world had also multiplied. Steam took the place of sail; iron, and then steel, took the place of wood; and the screw propeller took the place of the paddle-wheel, in ocean transportation. The thousand-ton steamer has been replaced by vessels of eighteen or twenty thousand tons capacity. The railroad-car will carry as much as twenty teams of horses could haul, and the great ocean steamer will transport as much as four hundred railway-cars can carry. At the same time, facilities of communication have so developed that the manufacturer can communicate across the continent or under the ocean, or even around the world, in a moment of time, and not only communicate but transmit or receive re-

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mittances of money in the same instantaneous fashion. Meantime, our supply of circulating medium with which to perform these great business transactions has equally increased, the money in circulation in the United States having grown from $278,000,000 in 1850 to $754,000,000 in 1875, and $2,374,000,000 in 1903, while the increase in banking facilities has multiplied many times the business power of the dollar.

Now let us see what are the principal articles which form this great and rapidly growing mass of exports. Two questions which naturally present themselves to the mind are, first, whether they are of a class which the world will continue to require as a part of its daily life, and, second, whether they are composed of a class of material of which we have plentiful supplies. To both of these questions the response is affirmative. The exports of last year were, presenting them in the order of magnitude: manufactures of iron and steel, about $100,000,000, or one-fourth of the grand total; mineral oil, $66,000,000; copper manufactures, $41,000,000; cotton manufactures, $32,000,000; leather and its manufactures, $29,000,000; agricultural implements, $16,000,000; chemicals, $12,000,000; wood manufactures, $11,000,000; cars and carriages, $10,000,000, and paraffin, $8,000,000. These ten articles or groups of articles made up more than three-fourths of our total manufactures exported; and every one of them is of a class for which the world's demands are permanent and constantly increasing.

Let us run over the list of these articles, keeping in mind the question of their relations to the daily requirements of man. They are, in the order of their magnitude as an export, iron and steel, mineral oil, copper, cotton goods, leather and its manufactures, agricultural implements, chemicals, wood manufactures, cars and carriages, and paraffin. All of these the world must have for its daily life. It can get along, in case of financial stringency, without silks and satins and laces and wines, and perhaps even tobacco; but all of those articles which form our chief exports of manufactures it must have. Therefore, we may expect a permanent demand for them; and if we can furnish them as cheaply as anybody else, or a little more cheaply than others, we may expect that the demand upon us will continue. An analysis of our power of production of these articles, as compared with that of other parts of the world, shows that we can produce them more readily

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and at less cost than any of our rivals. Take iron and steel, the greatest of this class of great exports. We now produce more iron ore, by far, than any other country, and more pig-iron. The four principal pig-iron producing countries of the world are the United Kingdom, Germany, Belgium, and the United States. A few years ago, the United States and Germany were about equal producers of pig-iron, and the United Kingdom exceeded us by far in the production of that article. To-day, with our greatly increased area of iron production and greatly increased facility for its manufacture, we are not only manufacturing more pig-iron than Germany or the United Kingdom, but actually more than Germany, the United Kingdom, and Belgium combined. Mineral oil is the next in the list of our great exports of manufactures, and of this we produce more in the refined form, fit for lighting, than any other country. A few years ago, the United States, Spain, and one or two other countries divided in about equal proportions the world's production of copper; now we produce as much as all the other countries of the world combined. Cotton is the world's largest requirement for clothing, and the proportion which it forms of the world's necessary stock of clothing is constantly increasing; and the United States produces three-fourths of the cotton of the world. Of leather, our facilities of production are equal to those of any part of the world, though we are still compelled to import a part of the raw material from which it is manufactured. Our supply of suitable woods for the manufacture of the agricultural implements, cars and carriages, and other manufactures of wood, which form important factors in our exports, are sufficient to justify the belief that we shall continue to meet the demands of other countries, and that there is little fear from rivalry in these lines.

It must not be supposed, however, because prosaic iron and steel manufactures and those of cotton or copper and mineral oil are the chief factors in our exportation of manufactures, that we are unsuccessful in the finer grades. Such high grade manufactures as watches, clocks, sewing-machines, cash-registers, electrical machinery, telegraph instruments, telephones, typewriters, scientific instruments, and many other manufactures of this character, are sent out in great quantities, and find a ready market in the most distant parts of the globe. It seems rather curious to find the people of South Africa purchasing our typewriters and

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cash-registers, with a calm confidence that they can be relied upon for durability and accuracy in such remote places that they cannot be returned to the maker for adjustment or turned over to skilled workmen for repairs. Our sewing-machines go to India, Asia, and the most remote islands of the Pacific, and are accepted with confidence that they will perform the work to which they are assigned. Our telegraph instruments click in the wilds of Siberia, and our telephones transmit the "hello!" of the Chinaman, or the East Indian, or the Egyptian, as readily and faithfully as though they were being operated within the shadow of the factory where every feature of their construction is understood and the most approved machinery for their repair is at hand. The exportation of scientific instruments, including those for telegraphic and telephonic purposes, has grown from a little more than $1,000,000 in 1892 to $7,000,000 in 1901; sewing-machines, from $2,000,000 in 1895 to $4,500,000 in 1900; locomotives, from less than $2,000,000 in 1892 to $5,500,000 in 1900; cash-registers, from $2,000,000 in 1898 to $5,500,000 in 1902; and typewriters, from $1,500,000 in 1897 to $3,500,000 in 1902. The value of scientific instruments, typewriters, engines, cash-registers, sewing-machines, shoe-machinery, and electrical and metal-working machinery exported in 1900 amounted to over $32,000,000. More than $30,000,000 worth of clocks and watches have been exported in the last twenty years, and they have gone to literally every part of the world—to Europe, to Asia, to Africa, to Oceania, to Central and South America, and to the most remote parts of the continents and islands.

But, there are still other worlds to conquer. While we have more than quadrupled our exportation of manufactures since 1880 and outgrown all other nations of the world in their production during that same period, we are still supplying but ten per cent. of the manufactures which enter into the international commerce of the world. The value of manufactures exported from all the countries of production, and in turn imported by some other country or countries, amounts to about $4,000,000,000 annually, the share which we supply of this grand total being only about $400,000,000 annually. Of this $4,000,000,000 worth of manufactures which enter into international commerce, the United Kingdom furnishes about one-fourth; Germany, one-fifth; France, one-eighth; and the United States, one-tenth. About

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three-fourths of this great mass of manufactures which enter into international commerce are composed of iron and steel, copper and cotton, of which we are the world's largest producers, and for the manufacture of which we have facilities at least equal to those of any other country; while in other classes of manufactures, our productive powers are developing at a rate which promises that we may with confidence enter the field of international competition.

The manufacturers of the United States have a fine field at home, and their first duty to themselves and to the people of the country is to take care of it, and to supply its wants from their own workshops, as far as possible. And they are doing this. Manufactures formed seventy per cent. of the imports in 1820, and sixty per cent. in 1860; but by 1900 the manufacturers of the country had so proven their ability to supply home demands that manufactures formed only thirty-seven per cent of the total imports of that year. The value of the manufactures consumed in the United States amounts to about $8,000,000,000 a year, and of this American manufacturers furnish ninety-five and foreign manufacturers about five per cent.; while the amount which American manufacturers export just about equals that which foreign manufacturers send into this country. The value of the total production of manufactures in the United States, after excluding the duplications necessarily included in the Census reports, and omitting the products of the slaughtering and canning industries which it classes with manufactures, amounts to a little more than $7,500,000,000, and the value of all manufactures imported is nearly $400,000,000, making the value of the manufactures consumed in the United States about $8,000,000,000, or twice as much as that of the entire international commerce of the world in manufactured products. It is not surprising, therefore, that the manufacturers are desirous of giving their first attention to the home field, and that the foreign market is with them a matter of minor consideration. But the fact that they are now able to supply practically all of that great market and build up an export trade from $158,000,000 in 1892 to $403,000,000 in 1902, shows that they still have great possibilities before them in that field, after taking care of the home market.

O. P. Austin.

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A NEW VIEW OF THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY EMIL REICH, LL.D.

THE history of the Revolutionary War suffers from a combination of circumstances, all making for oblivion or neglect of the true causes and real trend of its momentous events. The Americans themselves, with few exceptions, have related it in the manner in which, from the Hellenes downwards, all great nations have arranged rather than stated the beginnings of their ultimate grandeur. The vanity of nations, growing apace with their real greatness, nay, constantly outmarching it, has done, in this case, what it never fails to do in cases of even much smaller dimensions: vanity has been fighting its clever and deceptive rearguard-fights, in order to hide or let escape the really important corps of combatants. In the States the name of Lafayette is seen and heard in each town, in each county, in each State. Innumerable streets, very numerous towns and institutions, parks, etc., are named after the young French marquis, who, in reality, performed none of the decisive or important acts or measures leading to the independence of the thirteen colonies. Of Vergennes or Beaumarchais, on the other hand, few, if any, Americans have ever heard a word of praise or appreciation. But, in fact, the influence of Beaumarchais was incomparably, one may boldly say, immeasurably, greater than that of Lafayette. Flattery to Lafayette does not imply the serious reduction of American merit which recognition of Beaumarchais would unmistakably entail.

As with Lafayette, so with the decisive military movements of the war. The Americans who, single-handed, won only one important battle, that of Saratoga, have naturally enough no strong interest whatever to dwell on the decisive and clinching naval

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manœuvres of the summer of 1781, which were conducted solely by the French. As in the case of the contemporary Italians, who won their unity at the hands of the same nation that drove the English from the American colonies, the new nation feels only a cold gratitude towards its savior friend, and would wax very indignant were it to be told that it was, one in the period from 1775 to 1783, the other from 1859 to 1866, the godfather rather than the father of its own liberty and independence.

As to English narrators of the great war, it is needless to prove that they have never been over-eager to admit that in 1781 they met, at the hands of the French, with a Waterloo far more destructive of British interests than was the last battle of Napoleon to the interests of France. Moreover, the documents in the Record Office in London are, as a rule, not accessible after the date of October 20th, 1760.

Finally, the French, the real victors in that great struggle, have never cared to go into the details of an "*affaire,*" all the actors and events of which were soon obscured and overshadowed by the gigantic tragedy of the French Revolution. It is only some thirteen years ago, that the French have, in H. Doniol's *Histoire de la participation de la France à l'établissement des Etats-Unis,* received many of the official documents bearing on the interference of France in America; and to be quite correct, Doniol's great work was terminated only five years ago. As to the then allies of the French, the Spanish and the Dutch, their important interference has as yet not been written up in a satisfactory historical work.

These are the peculiar circumstances rendering a fair view of all the factors in the War of American Independence a matter of great difficulty. On the other hand, the historian must necessarily look for consolation to the just remark, that the larger, the more comprehensive, the waves of historical events, the smaller is the number of their controlling causes.

It will accordingly not be impossible to discover, in the immense maze of persons, events and measures filling the canvas of time from 1775 to 1783, a few of the causes shaping events, directing their currents and covering their undercurrents.

The War of American Independence is held to be, more particularly with the English-speaking nations, a matter preeminently of English or American history.

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It is in reality and *par excellence* a European, an international event. It happened in a period when, for almost exactly two hundred years, all the great wars were European wars. From 1618 to 1815 Europe was ravaged, with few important exceptions, by international, or inter-European wars only. In strong contrast to this broad fact we note, that Europe has, since 1815, carefully avoided such international wars, and always succeeded in localizing combats that threatened to set ablaze the whole of Europe, such as the Crimean war, or the Franco-German war. This desistance from international wars has, it may be advanced, little or nothing to do with the progress of ethical ideals, the realization of which has not yet left the precincts of pious hopes. It is due to the fact that since 1815 each of the Great Powers of Europe has long secured its territorial self-contentedness. Unless, therefore, one of these countries is attacked directly, it has no serious interest in meddling with the affairs of the other nations.

In the eighteenth century the case was quite different. The war of the Spanish Succession, 1701-1713; the war of the Austrian Succession, 1740-1748; the great war ("Seven Years' War") of Frederick the Great, 1756-1763; the wars of the French Revolution, 1792-1815: all of them were international wars proper. In all of them substantial, *i.e.*, territorial, interests of all the Great Powers of Europe were engaged, and all of them were settled by international treaties of peace, such as the peace of Utrecht and Rastadt, 1713 and 1714; the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748; the treaties of Hubertsburg and Paris, 1763; and the treaties of Basle, 1795, Campo Formio, 1797, Lunéville, 1801, Amiens, 1802, Pressburg, 1805, Tilsit, 1807, Vienna (or Schönbrunn), 1809, and the Congress of Vienna, 1814-1815.

The American War of Independence is one of those international, or inter-European events of the eighteenth century, terminated by the (second) treaty of Paris, 1783. As in the case of Italy, in the second half of the nineteenth century, France and Prussia and England had strong political interests to promote the unity of Italy, so it was in the sixties and seventies of the eighteenth century a vital interest of some of the Great Powers of Europe outside England to wrest the American colonies from the British. This is the essence of the whole struggle extending over eight years, and fought in all the seas of the four continents.

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But while this inter-European interest is undoubtedly the chief motor and cause of the ultimate success of the colonists in America, we must, on careful investigation of the facts, take into consideration the interests of those colonists themselves. Much as France, Spain and Holland desired to weaken and humiliate England, their combined efforts would have proved inefficient, had the colonists not been induced to persevere in the attempt at severance from the mother-country in the teeth of all the misery and despair that a struggle with mighty England could not but entail. In order, therefore, to seize adequately the home or American cause of the Revolt and its ultimate success, we must, before going into the details of inter-European policy, study the *vera causa* of that powerful discontent that urged the colonists first into adverse reflections, then into threatening petitions, riotous acts, half disloyal conventions and congresses, overt acts of rebellion, and finally into open war against England.

The current view of the causes of discontent is centred on the indignation of the colonists at the various measures of unconstitutional, or, at any rate, unwise taxation of the American colonies proposed, in turn, by Grenville, Townshend, North, and, chief of all, by George III. The Stamp Act of 1765, the taxes on various commodities in 1770, 1772, and 1774—these and similar measures, although in no way financially oppressive to the colonists (the taxes never yielded more, or could yield more, than a paltry sum), are said to have, in addition to single and isolated acts of high-handed autocracy, so exasperated the fine moral or legal fibre of the colonists as to drive them into rebellion. This explanation has the advantage of being pleasing both to the British and the Americans. The British, with a smile of parental pride enjoy the spectacle of their own kin rushing into revolt for ideal motives of Right and Law that animated the breasts, it is held, of the barons on the field of Runnymede in King John's time (1215), or in the clouded age of the Oxford Provisions (1258), let alone in the classic period of the "Nineteen Propositions" (June, 1642), or the "Bill of Rights" (1688). Or, as Tennyson says:

> "O thou, that sendest out the man
> To rule by land and sea,
> Strong mother of a Lion-line,
> Be proud of those strong sons of thine
> Who wrenched their rights from thee!"

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The Americans again, with a distinctly British passion for ethical beating of the breast, delight and thus believe in the deep moral indignation of the men and women of the colonies as the main cause of the deep-seated discontent that broke out in 1775.

Without in the least trying to minimize the value and theoretical beauty of moral indignation, it may be intimated that such ethical shivers do not, as a rule, prove of long duration, unless supported by abiding considerations of material profit. Ideal motives are no doubt at work, stealthily or openly, in all the greater historic achievements of white humanity; but from their very intensity it must be inferred that their power of extension in time and space is always somewhat limited. The profound wisdom of the Christian Religion has manifested itself in few things to a greater advantage than in the firm, if not original, establishment of one ideal day in seven, this being about the true ratio of the force of ideal motives to motives savoring more of terrestrial and mundane sources. In historical investigations, at any rate, it will be wiser, if not nobler, to search, in any long and wearisome struggle, for causes less ethereal and more compact and concrete.

Nor is it a matter of inordinate difficulty to point out that compact and concrete cause which, in all human probability, did infinitely more in stiffening the hearts and minds of the colonials, than could ever be done by the abstract reasonings or constitutional questions of James Otis and Bland, or by the moral uprising of the Puritans of New England. History, in Europe, and still more outside Europe, is written largely, if not wholly, in characters of that geography, or, as we prefer to call it, geopolitics, that has, as the true base of the harmonic and enharmonic melodies of history determined the trend and tenor of decisive events. Undoubtedly history is not a mere game of chess, in which man figures only as an insignificant pawn. Yet, with all due recognition of the influence of men, and especially of historic personalities, we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that man is inclined, precipitated, or retarded, by that Great Constant, the Earth and its physiographic configuration. To use the language of the scientist: in history man represents the *ordinatae,* Earth the *abscissae.* It is evident that for a true construction of the curve of events, we must have the *abscissae* first, and then the *ordinatae.*

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There can be little doubt that the abiding, material, and yet, prospectively at least, also ideal cause of the deep-seated antagonism of the colonials to the British Government was caused by the fatally wrong policy of the Court of St. James's with regard to the vast *Hinterland* of the colonies. It was for the possession of that vast *Hinterland,* theoretically stretching from the Allegheny Mountains to the Mississippi—practically, however, to the Pacific—that the colonials had cheerfully joined in the British war against the French from 1755 to 1762. It was already then well-known, from the writings of French Jesuits and other explorers, that the colonies were surrounded, or rather supplemented by the most fertile and at the same time the vastest *Hinterland* in history. Neither Central nor South America, neither modern Egypt, nor South Africa, let alone Canada or Australia, is endowed with a *Hinterland* at once so vast and so easily accessible or amenable to purposes of cultivation. In that *Hinterland,* fully described in the works of Jonathan Carver, Robert Rogers, James Adair, William Smith, and of other colonials long before the battle of Lexington, the colonials were conscious of having the possibility and the guarantee of indefinite progress and unlimited prosperity. As modern Russia, instead of wasting untold treasures of men and money in barren wars with Prussia or Austria, has consistently preferred to occupy and utilize its immense *Hinterland* from the Ural to Manchuria, even so the colonials in British America consciously or subconsciously felt that their real and great destiny was in their *Hinterland,* and not in their connection with Great Britain. So clear was this, the all-decisive factor to most thinking men of that time, that men as different in every other respect as were Montcalm, French governor of Canada; Turgot, philosopher and economist; and Vergennes, French ambassador at Constantinople,—all predicted the secession of the colonials as soon as the French were driven out from the Ohio valley and the Lakes district—that is, as soon as the question of the *Hinterland* was made a problem of actual politics.

King George III. had, however, no sooner concluded peace with the French in 1763, than he issued, on October 7th, 1763, a proclamation, in which the king's "loving subjects" in the colonies were forbidden to make purchases of land from the Indians, or to farm any settlement west of the Allegheny Mountains. Nor did this proclamation remain a dead letter. As late

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as 1772 a colonial's petition for settlement on the Ohio River was categorically refused by the Lord-Commissioners for Trade; Lord Hillsborough holding that the proclamation of 1763 was too explicit to be interpreted in any other sense. This proclamation did not, of course, prevent numberless colonials from making repeated attempts at the occupation of the forbidden *Hinterland.* There are still numerous legal and administrative documents in the Record Office in London, referring to the incessant encroachment of the colonials upon the territory west of the Allegheny Mountains. It is in these documents that we can feel the real pulse of the time. Nations, like individuals, are as a rule not clearly conscious of the prime motive prompting their actions. We cannot, therefore, expect the pamphleteers or *mémoire* writers of that time to tell us in set terms what was at the bottom of all that curiously persistent ill-will shown by most of the colonials to any kind of measures that the British Government proposed or decreed. Any kind, we say. For it is now well known, that the British Government repeatedly, and after 1774 almost invariably, behaved with all the conciliation that a loyal colony can fairly expect from its metropolis. It was all in vain. Neither the moderation of Chatham, nor the wisdom of Burke; neither the cold imperiousness of King George or Lord North, nor the ingenious argumentativeness of Fox could alter matters. The colonials were, and had long been, but too well resolved to accept no other solution than that of a complete rupture. Once carried away, and justly too, by the great destiny awaiting them at the bidding of the powers of the very soil they occupied and legitimately desired to extend, they were naturally unable to listen to or accept any possible offer short of one securing for them, undisturbed and uncontrolled by British statutes or British capitalists, the vast expanse of fertile *Hinterland,* at once the inexhaustible source of their material, and the safe guarantee of their national, greatness.

It is customary to condemn George III., Lord North, Townshend and Grenville. But did Lord Chatham, Burke or Fox discern the true causes of the American revolt any more clearly? Did they seize the real, the ultimate cause of the colonials' discontent any better? In fact, harsh or strange as it may seem, if guilt there must be, there is little doubt that Lord Chatham had a greater share in the loss of the colonies than had either George

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III. or Lord North. The colonials may have had, as they actually had, very potent motives to wish for a separation from England. From such a wish, ever so legitimate, to its realization there was, however, a very far cry. England had never been more powerful, more enterprising, more dreaded, than from 1763 to 1775. Her navy had had great and decisive successes in European, American and Asiatic waters; and her armies had shown great fighting powers in Germany, America, and India. For the first time in her history she found herself constituted as a real empire. Bengal, Behar and Orissa in India were hers, since 1764; the French were driven out of America, and their vast colonies conquered; in Europe her prestige was very great. Last, not least, together with that unprecedented expansion of power—political and military—England just then started on her imposing career as the first industrial power of the world. Inventions in technology, such as no other nation could boast, were made in Great Britain almost daily, and the resources of British industry and commerce created a national wealth that bade fair to outstrip that of all other nations put together. Under such circumstances it was by no means easy to start a revolt against England with any sound hopes of ultimate success. Had Lord Chatham, in 1766 or 1767, practised the wise moderation of Bismarck in 1866, he could have, by depriving the American colonials of French help, so isolated them as to render any decisive military success on their part practically impossible. Bismarck in 1866 suddenly, and in the midst of the most signal military triumph over Austria, abandoned the secular policy of Prussia towards Austria. He clearly perceived that that policy had, after Sadowa, no *raison d'être* any longer. Far from yielding to the Prussian military party, which loudly clamored for triumphal entry into Vienna, Bismarck threatened rather to commit suicide than to consent to any unnecessary humiliation of Austria, whose friendship he knew he would need later on, after having neutralized or paralyzed its hostility. Lord Chatham, after 1763, was placed in exactly the same position to France that Bismarck held towards Austria in August, 1866. Hitherto, *i.e.*, up to 1763, France had been in reality, for various reasons, the hereditary enemy of England. After 1763, that enmity, had, on the part of England, lost all its *raison d'être*. England had no more colonies to take from France; and no Continental possession (Hanover) to

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dread from either Prussia or France. Scotland had definitely accepted its place within Great Britain since 1746, and Ireland was quiet; French intrigues could stir up neither.

It was, then, the evident policy of Chatham to irritate France as little as possible, in fact, to obtain her friendship. France, from her position in the very centre of all the Great Powers of the west, and also from her geographical configuration as both a sea-power and land-power, was almost more dangerous when on the defensive than when taking the offensive. In the latter case, France always roused (under Louis XIV. as well as under Napoleon) the hostility of the surrounding nations, and was obliged, even when unbeaten in the field, to give up her excessive ambition. When, however, France was on the defensive, she always could and will be one of the most formidable factors in war. She can strengthen both the naval and the land forces of her allies on the most considerable scale, and thus contribute decisively to the final result. From this evident lesson of French history, together with the consideration mentioned above, Chatham had all imaginable motives of good policy to abandon the secular idea of France as the hereditary enemy of England.

But Chatham, "the only man," to use Frederick's saying, to whom England had given birth at that time, before and after the treaty of 1763, invariably viewed France as *the* great enemy of England. He never tired of rousing the British national feeling against the "hereditary enemy." He could not but be aware that one single article of that treaty (Article XIII.) was alone sufficient to fill the French with an undying thirst for revenge. In that article France consented to the destruction of the fortifications of her harbor at Dunkirk, in the most humiliating fashion. It is said in that article: "*La Cunette* [at Dunkirk] *sera détruite immédiatement après l'échange des ratifications du présent traité, ainsi que les forts et batteries qui défendent l'entrée du côté de la mer; et il sera pourvu, en même temps, à la salubrité de l'air, et à la santé des habitants par quelque autre moyen à la satisfaction du Roi de la Grande Bretagne.*" A high-spirited nation will never accept such arrogant dealing with a harbor and place of arms on her immediate territory. And if one considers, that England, by the acquisition of Canada and the vast American *Hinterland,* had then acquired a territory more than sufficient for the widest imperial expansion

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of the British nation for generations to come, and all that at the expense of France, it is rather difficult to comprehend why Chatham should still persist in the rancorous hatred of France, a country no longer in a condition to either hurt or thwart the most ambitious hopes of Great Britain.

Yet so he did. It may be that his grave bodily infirmities reduced the clearness of his mind. At any rate, instead of pacifying France by all possible means, he never ceased to widen and envenom the wound from which France and the French were smarting.

Under these circumstances it is only a matter of course that the French, a nation whose energy may be slackened but never suppressed, were eagerly on the lookout for an opportunity to avenge the treaty of 1763 on the English. Nor did that opportunity fail to turn up. It was, in the first place, one of a more academic character, but it soon transformed itself into a chance of resorting to the gravest military and political measures. The academic interference of the French with the immense American colonies of the English proceeded in the shape of the impression exercised by the French Encyclopædists on the colonials.

The influence of Diderot, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Holbach, Condorcet, d'Alembert, and the other great authors of the famous *Encyclopédie Méthodique,* on the whole mental attitude of Europe and America in the latter half of the eighteenth century, seems rather puzzling to the modern mind. On reading the articles of the *Encyclopédie* (articles, it must be admitted, artfully garbled by the timorous publisher) one cannot but be amazed both at the mildness and inaggressiveness of their tone, and at the relatively small originality of their ideas. In our times, we have seen articles and books propounding doctrines infinitely bolder and more radical. The novelty of the *Encyclopédie* was not in its doctrines; its historic position was determined by the marvellous effect it had on its contemporaries. Doctrines formerly discussed in Latin folios meant for recluse scholars, such as the political views of Spinoza, or of Althusius, were now for the first time placed before the general public in a form at once solid and attractive. To this the personality of the Encyclopædists contributed not a little. The brilliant men meeting in the salons or *bureaux d'esprit* of those famous female *virtuoses* of tact and charm, Madame Geoffrin, Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse,

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Madame d'Epinay, and others, were one and all men of intense powers of personal fascination. Their conversations were listened to, reported, and read all over the civilized world, and it is probably understating the reality when we compare the influence of the conversations, letters, and pamphlets of the Encyclopædists to the moral and intellectual influence exerted nowadays by the "leaders" and articles of the great representatives of the press.

One of the most impressive of the works of the Encyclopædists was "*Le Contrat Social*" of Rousseau, published in 1762. Written in language the splendor and clearness of which have rarely been equalled, it contains a body of political teaching appealing with a passionate warmth to the deepest political cravings of the masses. It was inevitable that a political work by the author of "*La Nouvelle Héloïse*" and "*Emile,*" then the most famous novels of the day, should rapidly find their way into the colonies in America, where the latent and unavowed wishes of the people made them only too prone to views such as Rousseau propagated in language aglow with all the inspirations of passion and truth. It is certain, and can easily be proved in detail, that the political views of the wayward Genevese and of his colleagues of the *Encyclopédie* had a very considerable effect on the colonials, amongst whom they were eagerly read and discussed. The "imponderable" influence of these French ideas must not be undervalued, although it cannot be credited with a force of the first magnitude. Far greater was the second, or more material interference of France in the great struggle of the colonials against Great Britain.

That material influence was set in motion chiefly by a man whose entire moral and literary personality seemed to destine him for exploits of a totally different kind. We mean Beaumarchais. A Parisian *pur sang,* full of the inexhaustible verve and dash of his own immortal creation, "Figaro" in his "*Le Mariage de Figaro,*" Beaumarchais was watchmaker, inventor, harpist to the court, promoter of interminable and vast business enterprises, publisher of Voltaire's works, author of an immortal comedy, incomparable pamphleteer, involved in endless intrigues, duels, adventures, and political secret missions to England and Germany—in short, a man of the most astounding vitality and resourcefulness. His wit and superb literary gift irradiated the most commonplace of his actions, and his fundamentally honest and generous nature

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ennobled his life with the glory of true manliness. Bold, intrepid, a battler and fighter of a thousand combats legal or political, he was all through his life a warm-hearted, true man.

It was this "frivolous Frenchman" who had long made up his mind to avenge his country on England, and to wipe out the shame of the treaty of 1763 in the most terrible loss ever caused to Great Britain. He clearly foresaw the war long before it actually broke out, and by means of incessant memorializing the French, and later on the Spanish Government too, he inspired Vergennes, the great foreign minister of France, and likewise Aranda, Vergennes' colleague in Spain, and prevailed upon them to join his vast plans. At first two, then more, million francs were placed at the disposal of the author of "Figaro" by the two Bourbon Governments, and Beaumarchais, almost two years before France and Spain openly declared war against England, established his headquarters at Le Havre, under the name of *Rodrigue Hortalès et Cie.* It was from Havre that Beaumarchais sent to the Americans vast stores of tents, provisions, and equipments of all kinds, amongst others, 30,000 rifles, over 200 cannon, etc., in 1776 and 1777. "His fleets," as he called them, were in constant connection with the colonials, and his lieutenants, more particularly de Kalb and the indispensable Steuben, were organizing the army of the colonials. His correspondence with his captains, officers, and his home government; his dealings, frequently far from pleasant, with Arthur Lee, Silas Deane, and the stately and prudent Franklin in Paris, were numberless. He never was at a loss how to meet the countless emergencies of financial or military embarrassment, and it is only the sober truth to say, that without his genius and energy the Americans could not have carried on the war in the first two years. With all the stanch vigor and honesty of Washington, the American army, as is now well-known, suffered very severely from desertion, treachery, indifference, pusillanimity. It was France, it was, previous to the summer of 1778, Beaumarchais, who never flagged, never despaired, never failed to send help where help was most needed. His merit was never recognized by the government of the Republic, and when, many years later, reduced almost to indigence, he asked for partial reimbursement of his undoubted personal losses in the service of the United States, he and his children met with the coldest and, let us confess it, most unjustified ingratitude.

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No statue to his honor has ever been erected in any public place in America; to most Americans he is either quite unknown, or known only as a clever playwright. The Americans have, very late it is true, but at last, raised a statue to Rochambeau, one of the two Frenchmen to whom the clinching victories in 1781 are due. One would like to entertain the hope that they will see their way to raise several similar monuments to the man who, more than any other single non-military man, helped them to raise the noble fabric of their national independence.

The war itself, although its extent both in time and space was one of the most considerable dimensions, is in reality a very simple event. It lasted for eight years, and was carried on in the eastern territory of the United States, and in nearly all the seas. The strategic problem was reduced to the question of sea-power. As long as the British were able to hold the Atlantic, they could easily pour over new armies (if mostly hired ones) into the colonies. Once the British lost the command of the sea, their hold on the American colonies was practically lost. The colonials, by their victory at Saratoga in October, 1777, where less than 4,000 British soldiers, under Burgoyne, were forced to surrender to 14,000 colonials, under Gates, had practically secured the possession of the northern colonies before the third year of the war was over; but New York, the central, and the southern colonies were still controlled by Clinton, Cornwallis, and other British commanders. However, in August and September, 1781, the French, under the Comte de Grasse, baffled all the attempts of the British admirals, Hood and Graves, to enter Chesapeake Bay for the purpose of relieving Cornwallis, who was besieged in Yorktown by a Franco-American army consisting of about 7,000 men each under Rochambeau and Washington. The naval engagements of de Grasse lasted for five days, and were fought off Cape Henry. This all-important battle, or series of battles, which definitely deprived the British of the command of the sea in the middle Atlantic, and which sealed the fate of Cornwallis—this naval Waterloo of the British—is one of the least noticed military events of modern times. Not one Englishman or American in ten thousand has ever heard the name of the battle of Cape Henry. The details of that clinching victory have never been published, and in books on the American War the battle is, as a rule, given neither its precise name, nor placed in the right his-

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toric perspective. It was, in reality, not a very dramatic affair. This, however, need not deceive any one into a false construction of its fundamental importance. Battles, like men, are important, not for their dramatic splendor, but for their efficiency and consequences. The battle off Cape Henry had ultimate effects infinitely more important than those of Waterloo. Even the naval victories won by Le Bailli de Suffren in the seas between Madras and Ceylon over the British fleet in 1782 and 1783, cannot, in point of effect, compare with the decisive advantage obtained by de Grasse off Cape Henry. Suffren's victories remained barren; de Grasse's action entailed upon the British the final loss of the thirteen colonies in America. What the French Encyclopædists had done by suggestion, and what Beaumarchais had set in movement by ingenious personal exertion, de Grasse had brought to a final termination by a successful naval engagement.

It is customary to accuse Napoleon of having foolishly overreached himself. It is likewise a commonplace to blame Louis XIV. for an ambition striving for the absurd idea of subjugating Europe. It is less known that George III. failed in his attempt of retaining the thirteen colonies within the British Empire chiefly because of an ambition essentially identical with that of either Napoleon or Louis XIV. King George did not, it is true, try to dominate Europe, he only attempted to defy the leading Powers of Europe. While fighting the Americans, he had the boldness to fight the French, the Spanish, and the Dutch too, at the same time rousing the hostility of the Baltic Powers. As Louis XIV., for a similar defiance, suffered the defeats of Blenheim, Turin, and Malplaquet; and as Napoleon, for the same crime of *lèse-Europe,* was crushed at Leipsic and at Waterloo; so King George, committing the same fatal error, lost England's principal force, her sea-power, and thus the vastest and most fertile colonies ever possessed by an empire. Europe, the heir of Hellenic intellect and Roman military strength, can be defied neither by any one or two European Powers, nor by the rest of the non-European countries put together. Persia fell for defying Hellas; Carthage sank for opposing Rome; the United States arose mainly owing to England's unwise defiance of Europe in the eighteenth century.

EMIL REICH.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT HAYTI.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY J. N. LÉGER, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM HAYTI TO THE UNITED STATES.

Now and then, sensational stories about Hayti appear in the newspapers. Sometimes, people who are ignorant even of the correct geographical position of the island think they can talk with competency about the Haytians and their country; and, indeed, statements from such a source are unworthy of attention. But, unfortunately, it seems that the strange inventions concerning voodoo, "*papa-loi,*" etc., are beginning to be taken in earnest by the best men in the United States. I have just read in the May number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW what Mr. Colquhoun, writing on the future of the negro, says about Hayti. I am not at liberty to discuss the negro problem. That problem is for the American people a question of political and social interest; and it would not be proper for me to interfere in such a controversy, nor have I any desire to do so.

However, I cannot help noticing that many a time Hayti is made a scape-goat by men and newspapers who have a purpose of their own to serve: hence all the persistent and grotesque misrepresentations about a country which is struggling hard for progress and liberty. Mr. Colquhoun, whose good faith is certainly beyond question, must have been misled by these misrepresentations when he wrote that "Hayti has become a byword among the nations, and it is incontrovertible that, with the removal of white control, the negroes have reverted to a condition almost of savagery." In different words, this is the story about Hayti which is told over and over by sensational newspapers, viz.: "Hayti is less civilized than it was a hundred years ago; it is lapsing into barbarism."

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All lovers of truth would prefer substantial facts to such asseverations. Nations, like individuals, have their honor, their dignity to maintain; they must have the right to ask their accusers for proofs, when an attempt is made upon their good name.

To be a byword among the nations, Hayti must be, indeed, the worst country in the world. Whereas, any impartial observer, any one who will take the trouble of thoroughly studying the people, their customs and their government, will reach but one conclusion: Hayti is no worse than the other Central and South-American Republics, and it is very far from relapsing into barbarism.

To revert to a condition almost of savagery, to relapse into barbarism, a nation must be, at the time when the charge is made, in a state of civilization less advanced than formerly, it must be going backward instead of forward. So, to ascertain whether, since the removal of the white control, the Haytian negroes have or have not "reverted to a condition almost of savagery," one must necessarily compare their condition to-day with their condition before the "removal of the white control." What was the condition of the Haytian negroes a hundred years ago? They were slaves. They were treated like beasts. They were compelled to work like machines in the fields. They could not read. They could not write. They were not even good artisans, because they were not allowed to learn anything. The sanctity of their homes was held at naught and profaned; their daughters, their wives were mere pastime for their white masters. Their degradation was complete.

Such was the condition of the Haytian negroes under the white control; a condition which will be found minutely described in the many books written on Santo-Domingo at the end of the eighteenth century or in the early days of the nineteenth century.

It is needless to say that the condition of the Haytian negroes is quite different now. When the Haytians proclaimed their independence, all the Frenchmen were expelled from the country. The factories, the rich plantations, had been all destroyed during the war. The Haytians found themselves in possession of a devastated land. Besides, they agreed, in the first years of their independence, while the country was still in ashes, to pay a heavy indemnity to France. Hayti, being the first country to abolish slavery, met at the very beginning of its existence with the ill-

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will of all the powerful nations which were then slave-owners. These nations did their best to strangle in its cradle the young people whose entrance into political life was the most energetic refutation of absurd prejudices; the new State was, in their opinion, a bad example for their subjects in Jamaica, Cuba, Guadeloupe.

So Hayti could not rely on any outside help in building up its government and educating its citizens, the majority of whom were men who had just emerged from slavery. The Haytians had then to create all instrumentalities of government and administration, from statesmen to policemen. Their detractors do not seem to have ever thought of the difficulties they had to overcome. On the contrary, they affect to believe that my fellow-countrymen, to show their ability to govern themselves, ought to behave like saints and to be perfect models of virtue; forgetting intentionally that some nations of the Old World are still struggling to reach the best form of government and are from time to time subject to appalling scandals. However, from the outset, the responsibility of the Haytians was great; their recognition of this responsibility helped them to work out their destiny. Their cities and towns have been rebuilt. They cultivate, nowadays, their own properties, for almost every inhabitant of the island is a landowner. Now every man is a man. The sons of the former slaves are to-day lawyers, doctors, physicians, architects, engineers, sculptors, chemists, skilled artisans, shrewd business men, good laborers; some of them, without being multi-millionaires, live on large incomes. The Haytians operate their own telegraph system; they control their own telephone system. They build their railroads without external help. Under the white control, there was not even a decent primary school in the island; to-day, Hayti devotes almost a sixth of its revenues to education. All the schools are free, from the elementary ones to the highest. There are Law Schools, a Medicine and Pharmacy School, a School for Electrical Sciences, even a Painting School; and these are open to all. Not satisfied with the knowledge acquired at home, many Haytians go to France to obtain still higher or special instruction; they achieve success in the French Schools of Mines, of Agriculture, of Moral and Political Sciences, etc.

Religion and education combine their efforts for the moral advancement of the mass of the people. Since 1860, there has been

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a Concordat with the Holy See. The Pope has a diplomatic representative in Hayti, a Legate; and Hayti sends a Minister to the Vatican, to say nothing of its other Legations abroad. There is at least one Catholic priest in every commune of the republic. Almost all the priests are European; and, after living in the closest intimacy with people of all classes on the island, they return to Europe in their old age. Is it not strange that not one of them has ever mentioned voodoo or cannibalism as existing in Hayti? The same remark can be made concerning the clergymen of the Protestant faith. They must know the country better than the traveller who spends but a few days in Port-au-Prince in quest of sensational news for a book or a credulous newspaper. Yet none of them has until now given an account of personal observation of voodoo or cannibalism there. And, as Mr. Bassett, a former United States Minister to Hayti, properly said in an article on the subject: "How is it that the story is in general left to be told by fleeting visitors, who never, or at any rate very rarely, go among the country people, and who know little or nothing of their language?" The truth is that voodoo and cannibalism do not exist any more in Hayti than the "night doctor" in Washington.

Personal safety is everywhere assured; one can travel from one end of the island to the other without trouble or danger. In the remotest mountains, a foreigner will find peaceful, kind-hearted and hospitable men. There is no race prejudice or hatred. Frenchmen and Germans marry Haytian girls, and many Haytians have white wives; all of them have very happy homes.

In the light of these facts and conditions, which may be easily verified, Haytians may confidently appeal to the fair-minded and intelligent reader to decide whether the assertions so frequently made, that they are relapsing into barbarism and reverting to a condition almost of savagery, are worthy of credence, or are merely unjust and unsupported aspersions upon a people who, since their emancipation from white control, have been striving, with success commensurate with their opportunities, to attain the practical ideals of modern civilization.

J. N. LÈGER.

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JEWISH MASSACRES AND THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN.

ABOUT three weeks after the Kishineff massacre, the governor of the province of Ufa, M. Bogdanovitch, was assassinated by two Russian revolutionists as a result of a scene of carnage which had taken place in the town of Zlatoust, of that province, where forty persons, including children, were killed and 200 were wounded less than two months before the anti-Semitic outbreak in the capital of Bessarabia. Ufa lies outside the "Pale of Jewish Settlement," and the victims of the slaughter for which Governor Bogdanovitch was held responsible were all Gentiles; nevertheless, the two massacres are linked by ties of logical affinity. This becomes apparent when the Kishineff atrocities are considered in the light of recent developments in the progress of the revolutionary movement in Russia, on the one hand, and of the situation surrounding the epidemic of anti-Jewish riots which followed the assassination of Alexander II. in 1881, on the other. Indeed, at the time of those riots, M. von Plehve, the present Minister of the Interior, was at the head of the police of the Empire, and we shall see that a series of important circumstances which accompanied or immediately preceded that crusade has been paralleled, with striking similarity, but in a greatly aggravated form, at the present time.

It is a little over a year since M. von Plehve assumed charge of the Interior Department, having succeeded M. Sipiagin, who had been shot by a revolutionist shortly after the celebrated student riots in Kieff and St. Petersburg. Despatches which were published in well-informed foreign newspapers about that time represented the present Czar, Nicholas II., as showing a strong tendency in the direction of constitutional reform, it being speci-

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fied with much persistency that the innovations contemplated were to be modelled after the provisions contained in what is known as the constitution of Loris Melikoff. It was soon stated, however, that the ultra-conservative element among the Czar's advisers, led by M. Pobyedonostzeff and supported by the new Minister of the Interior, M. von Plehve, had opposed the project, and that their counsel had prevailed. This circumstance forms a most interesting connecting link between the present situation and the situation of 1881.

Loris Melikoff was one of the leading heroes of the Turkish war. During the last two years of the reign of Alexander II., when the "Terrorists" of the *Narodnaya Volya* (Party of the Will of the People) were making attack after attack upon the life of the Emperor, building gigantic mines under the railroad tracks over which he was expected to pass, Melikoff was made Minister of the Interior. In February, 1881, there was an explosion in the dining-hall of the Winter Palace. The Czar then had a narrow escape. A few days later, Melikoff became the head of a "Supreme Commission" organized with a view to "pacifying the population."

It was then that Count Melikoff drew up his celebrated constitution. It called for the convocation of a sort of semi-representative commission, to examine into the general state of affairs and consider questions of reform. The project was framed in the most guarded terms, and great care was taken to keep out everything that might be construed as a direct allusion to a constitution. Still, it is quite possible that Loris Melikoff chose this "under-sized constitution," as it is usually termed, as a sort of entering wedge. At all events, it seems reasonable to believe that, if the Party of "The Will of the People" had been aware of the existence of the project, the life of Alexander II. would have been spared. Indeed, they had declared repeatedly in their pronunciamentos, as well as in the speeches of their leaders at the big political trials, that they were pledged to abandon the "Terror" as soon as the Czar had granted the country free speech. And, although the project of Loris Melikoff did not contain the remotest allusion to any reform in that direction, certain privileges along these lines might have followed, as a matter of course.

The draft was returned to Loris Melikoff with the approval of the Czar at twelve o'clock, on March 13, 1881, for further con-

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sideration by the Cabinet, after which it was to be published in the *Government Messenger*. Two hours later, the Czar was killed.

The death of Alexander II. was followed by a general state of unrest,—by famine in the rural districts and disturbances in some of the industrial centres. Such were the conditions under which Alexander III. ascended the throne. He was in anything but a peaceful frame of mind when he took up the document which his father had expected to sign; and we are informed by Count Loris Melikoff, in his posthumous Memoirs, that the perusal of the project put the new monarch in good spirits, and that he wrote on the margin of the paper "Very good!" fixing a day for its final discussion by the ministers.

Meanwhile, an anti-Jewish riot broke out in Elisavetgrad, a city in the neighborhood of Odessa and Kishineff. The attack had been organized by local anti-Semites and had nothing to do with the general situation, except in so far as it had given rise to a vague feeling that the country was on the brink of a revolution, and that the foundation of law and order was shaken. When, at a Cabinet meeting held soon after this, the conservatives took a firm stand against the measure, Loris Melikoff was easily defeated. He was removed from office, his place being taken by General Ignatyeff, a man known for his devotion to the policy of blind suppression and anti-Semitism.

The anti-Jewish riots spread from district to district until they covered some 150 towns and villages. Then, as in the case of the recent outbreak, the streets were in almost every instance full of police and troops, who, instead of protecting the Jews, encouraged their assailants, and in numerous cases even joined them in the work of pillage, destruction, rapine and murder. Wherever Jews made an attempt at self-defence, they were dispersed by the police, arrested or driven indoors to await the coming of the drink-crazed rioters. Indeed, the story of the Kishineff pandemonium, barring the number of persons killed and wounded—in which respect it far exceeds any of the riots of 1881-1882—reads like a chapter from the history of that savage campaign. "Easy, boys!" said the governor of Kieff, with an amused smile, driving around among the riffraff and their refined allies, while they were busily engaged in their barbarous work. The governors of other riot-ridden places acted similarly. In many instances, when a Jew implored an officer to rescue his wife or daughter, he was

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asked, by way of reply, whether he was sure that his passports were in proper shape.

The natural upshot was an impression which rapidly gained ground among the blind illiterate peasantry, that the crusade had been ordered by the Czar, and that a document containing the imperial ukase to that effect would be sent to every town and village in which a single Jew was to be found. It was one of the characteristic incidents of the period for peasants to ask their village clerk when "that paper" was expected to reach his office; or for the residents of some suburb to come to town with wagons, sacks and implements of devastation, and to ask the first policeman they met when their services would be required. Sometimes, a moujik who lived on friendly terms with his Jewish neighbor would tell the latter with tears in his eyes that he wished he could leave his house undestroyed, but that by doing so he would make himself liable to imprisonment for failing to do the behest of the Czar; and there were cases in which Jews saved their property and the honor of their wives and daughters by signing a document assuming all responsibility before the law for the failure of neighborly Gentiles to destroy their household goods or the contents of their stores. The object of that "imperial ukase" was, in the belief of these ignorant people, to turn over "the ill-gotten wealth of the Christ-killers to the beloved children of the Czar, the peasants of orthodox Christian faith." These rumors spread like wildfire, through the efforts of the police as well as of special emissaries of the anti-Semites; and, as in the case of the Kishineff massacre, the ferocity of the mob invariably reached its highest point when their target was the population of the slums, poor hard-working mechanics, whose "ill-gotten wealth" consisted of their tools and the contents of their wretched hovels.

This went on from town to town and from month to month, extending to a period of nearly two years; and the Director of the Police Department under whom all this happened was no other than M. von Plehve, the present Minister of the Interior.

M. von Plehve denies having sent a letter to the governor of Bessarabia, shortly before the massacre, warning him against the use of drastic measures in case of an outbreak. He does not deny, however, that the Jews of Kishineff had applied to him for permission to publish a newspaper to counteract the incendiary agitation of the anti-Semitic "*Bessarabetz,*" and that his answer was:

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"The '*Bessarabetz*' is good enough for Kishineff." Nor, indeed, does he deny that the "*Bessarabetz*" had among its regular contributors the vice-governor and several other officials of the province, and that several of the members of its editorial staff acted at the massacre as the chief leaders of the mob.

The better to understand M. von Plehve's general policy, let us begin by epitomizing those conditions under which he came into his present office in April of last year.

He took charge of the Interior Department a day or two after the death of his predecessor, M. Sipiagin, who was shot by a young nobleman, named Stepan Balmasheff. Sipiagin's violent death had been preceded by the assassination of Bogolyepoff, then Minister of Public Instruction. About the same time, the life of M. Pobyedonostzeff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, had been attempted; then General Trepoff, the Chief of Police of Moscow, whom the revolutionists charge with the brutal treatment of political prisoners, was fired upon by a woman, under precisely the same circumstances as those under which his father, twenty-four years before, had been shot at by the celebrated Vera Zassulitch; and, three days later, the same official had a narrow escape from the dagger of another revolutionist.

Balmasheff was a member of the "Fighting Section" of the Socialist Revolutionary Party, one of the two secret societies disseminating revolutionary ideas in Russia. I have before me a copy of the proclamation which these "New Terrorists" issued from their "underground" printing office, on the day following the death of the Minister of the Interior, April 3, (16), 1902. It carries one back to the closing days of the reign of Alexander II., and is said to have produced a profound effect in higher government circles. There is, however, one important distinction between this pronunciamento and similar declarations of the Terrorists of the early eighties. While the latter made the Czar the chief target of all their proclamations and dynamite bombs, the leaflet issued by the organization to which Balmasheff had belonged carefully omits all mention of the present monarch, and speaks of his ministers and other high officials as those who alone are held responsible for the present state of affairs.

The killing of Minister Sipiagin was followed by peasant riots in several districts. In an interview granted to Gaston Leroux, of the Paris *Matin*, about that time, M. von Plehve did not deny

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the portentous extent of the revolutionary movement in his country, though he promised its speedy suppression. "The strength of the revolutionary party," he is quoted by M. Leroux as saying, "lies in the present weakness of our police. In two months' time our police will become strong. I was once (in 1881) put in charge of the police under similar circumstances. Well, it took me a few days to discover the key to the whole revolutionary movement. The danger lay in a society made up of a dozen persons who soon fell into our hands." M. von Plehve here refers to the period immediately following the assassination of Alexander II. The arrest of revolutionary leaders was not all that took place while he was in charge of the police: the great anti-Jewish riots were in progress at that very time.

One of the measures by means of which Von Plehve hoped to stem the revolutionary tide was the revival of flogging. When his interviewer urged that "the Russian people is great enough to be free from the rod," the Minister answered:

"Some day corporal punishment will disappear, but that day has not yet come round."

And speaking of the riotous moujiks of the Poltava province, he said, with a laugh: "Before sending them to Siberia we gave them a sound birching."

The "reign of the rod" was inaugurated immediately after he succeeded to the office left vacant by the death of Sipiagin. Working-men were flogged in Wilna, Minsk, Kremenchug and other places for no graver offence than attempting to parade through the streets on May 1. And what was the result? In Wilna, where the flogging was done in a more brutal manner than anywhere else, and where it took place under the personal supervision of the governor of the province (Von Wahl), who mocked and abused the helpless victims while they were writhing and shrieking under the blows, this official was shot and wounded two weeks later by a member of the Social Democracy, a secret organization whose programme declares against terrorism.

After referring to the peaceful character of the May demonstration for which the working-men of Wilna had been flogged, and to the revolting details of that brutal scene, a leaflet issued by that organization proceeds as follows:

"This piece of barbarism has quickened our hatred for the government of Czars, arousing in us a thirst for sacred revenge. We struggle by

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peaceful means; the shedding of human blood is not a part of our programme; but patience has its limits. Should the resentment of an exasperated public take the form of violence the fault will not be ours. It is Von Wahl himself who has pointed out such a course to the people."

It was a few days after the appearance of this leaflet that a Jewish shoemaker, named Hirshel Leckert, approached Von Wahl as he was leaving the circus, and fired at him three times, wounding him in the right arm and left leg.

Shortly after this, a young peasant named Thoma Kochur, a member of the other revolutionary organization, shot at the governor of Smolensk for a similar cause; and now we read of the killing of the governor of Ufa by two other revolutionists. According to German despatches, which agree with what has been published in the "underground" press of the Russian revolutionists about the disturbances in the Ufa province, this assassination grew out of the arrest of a committee of the employees in the government arms factory at Slatoust, Ufa, where the workingmen "were driven by their misery to send a deputation to make an effort to better their condition." The delegates were treated by the authorities as political criminals and were arrested on their way to the factory. The wives of the arrested men then left their children at police headquarters, declaring that with their husbands in prison they would be unable to support them. The children were thrown into the street. This caused great excitement, and when the governor arrived and the crowd refused to disperse, insisting upon the release of the deputation, several volleys were fired by the troops, killing forty, including many children, and wounding 200. "It is asserted," one despatch adds, "that the crowd on which the troops fired, although excited and indignant, was orderly.

The policy of unthinking, iron-handed repression has thus created an atmosphere of bitterness and revolutionary recklessness such as has not existed since 1887, and which calls to mind the birth of the Red Terror in the latter part of the seventies. Indeed, the people who killed Alexander II. and several of his officials had started out as peaceful propagandists. They had begun as innocent dreamers and apostles of a new era, which was to evolve from the survivals of primitive communism retained by the Russian village commune. The government sent them and their comrades to Siberia, and tortured them in damp cells where

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scores of refined men and women went insane, committed suicide or died of scurvy. It was not until the authorities had shot or hanged several innocent men that the Nihilists inaugurated the "Terror," as "a means of self-defence as well as with a view to demoralizing the government and forcing the Czar to grant his subjects free speech. This is precisely what is going forward in Russia at the present time. Besides assassinating the Czar, after a series of gigantic plots, the old Terrorists killed, during the four years when their activity was at its height, a gendarme officer, a chief of the Gendarme Corps, a governor and a public prosecutor. All this was done by an organization which numbered scarcely more than fifty men and women, almost all of them from the educated classes. The revolutionists of to-day have a vast army of discontented working-men and representatives of the other strata of society to draw upon, and their terrorists have already killed two cabinet ministers and a governor and more political spies than the old dynamite party ever put out of the way. They have attacked two other governors, and made two attempts on a prefect of Moscow and one on the chief adviser of the Czar. All this has taken place during the last two years. Moreover, the gigantic conspiracies of the "Will of the People" absorbed all the resources of the party; and, as these schemes had of necessity to be kept from every one who was not directly connected with them, the handful of fearless men and women who participated in these bloody undertakings practically became the party. This is not the case now. The revolutionists of to-day are chiefly engaged in disseminating their ideas and organizing secret trade-unions, and have no dictatorial centre with elaborate terroristic schemes to paralyze their educational work.

Such a thing as an organized labor movement was utterly unknown at the time of Alexander II. It is a product of new conditions, the result of the continuous economic development which marks the history of Russia for the last twenty years; and this development is bound to find its reflection in the political sentiment of the people. Whether or no the Siberian railway was built primarily for military purposes, the forces which made the construction of such a road possible tend to bring the Russian people nearer to their political redemption.

At the period when M. von Plehve was put in charge of the police, in 1881, the universities alone were schools of revolution.

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Since then, the factories have assumed the same character; and, while only one university has been added to the nine which were in existence twenty years ago, the number of factories has during the same period been increasing at a progressive rate. That the government is not unaware of all this is evident from numerous official reports, marked "secret," copies of which fall into the hands of the revolutionists, who publish them in their papers. In some of these, the factories are described as "hotbeds of revolution," whereupon it is suggested that the government take the labor question into its own hands.

At the time M. von Plehve was appointed head of the police department, there were never more than two "underground" printing offices at a time, and the appearance of every new number of a revolutionary paper or a leaflet was a memorable event. In the most active two years in the history of the "Will of the People," this organization managed to bring out its official organ no more than six times. Now there are from twenty to twenty-five secret printing establishments, each of which issues a paper every two or three weeks, while an army of revolutionary smugglers is at work importing and distributing the literature which the two parties print in Geneva, Stuttgart and London.

Street demonstrations took place on only two or three occasions during the entire period in question, and in each case they were begun and ended by college students re-enforced by a handful of converts from the lower classes. The general public remained stolidly irresponsive. Now, in processions in which working-men and representatives of the other classes mingle, shouts for liberty are the order of the day, and in almost every instance hundreds of passers-by join the paraders, or otherwise signify their sympathy with the object of the manifestation. In the winter of 1876, a small crowd gathered in front of the Kasan Cathedral in St. Petersburg. A revolutionary speech was delivered, and a red flag bearing the legend "Land and Liberty" was unfurled. There followed a conflict between the revolutionists present and the police, but the passers-by never interceded. A similar demonstration was held on the same square on March 17, 1901; but this time the revolutionary crowd was joined by almost every passer-by and kept swelling till, when the celebrated massacre of student girls by Cossacks took place, it was about fifty thousand strong.

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Still larger was the procession which was held in the same neighborhood about twelve months later. But the most typical demonstration of to-day is one of purely spontaneous origin. Scores of cases have been reported in which theatre audiences have burst into cheers for liberty, or joined in singing revolutionary songs between the acts; or in which the sight of a passing policeman has brought similar exclamations from the pedestrians and resulted in an extemporaneous procession with red handkerchiefs for flags.

Perhaps the strongest evidence as to the stupendous growth of the revolutionary movement in Russia is to be found in the fact that the number of political prosecutions during the last eighteen months exceeds the sum total of similar cases during all the twenty-six years of the reign of Alexander II. If the government is slow to found new universities, it certainly has not been backward in building new prisons; yet every dungeon, jail or house of detention in the country is overcrowded. Formerly, the average political prisoner would be kept in his solitary cell from two to three years before his case was disposed of. Now, the authorities are compelled to "railroad" hundreds of cases through, so as to make room for new prisoners. As to Siberia, its remotest villages have so rapidly been growing in population, through the continual arrival of new exiles, that they are beginning to lose their horrors as places of banishment.

If "the key to the whole revolutionary movement" of twenty years ago was found by capturing the members of "a society of a dozen persons," it does not look as though the old key fitted the new lock. A year has passed since M. von Plehve promised to put an end to the revolutionary movement "in two months' time"; and, to judge from appearances, he will have to ask for an extension of time. If he killed "the revolution" twenty-two years ago, "the revolution" must possess gifts of "coming back" like those of the celebrated cat of the song. Indeed, the cat of 1881 was a mere midget compared with the creature which causes the Russian government so much worry in these days. The growing labor movement is the chief source of political education for the masses, but the working-men are not alone in the struggle for liberal institutions. People of the cultured classes, peasants and wage-workers make common cause in a campaign which forms one of the most important chapters in the history of the country.

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The international holiday of labor, May 1st, has become the day of political processions, the great occasion for conflicts between police and Cossacks, on one hand, and working-men and college students, on the other. This accounts for the uneasiness which the government betrayed at the approach of that date; and, in view of all that we have seen, is it not a rather significant coincidence that it was shortly before May 1st, that M. von Plehve's subsidized favorite, the editor of the *Bessarabetz,* launched those rumors of a ritual murder by the Jews of Kishineff which brought about the terrible massacre?

Nor did the Kishineff slaughter come altogether unheralded. Indeed, as early as June 10th of last year, when M. von Plehve had been in charge of the Interior Department about two months, something happened in Vitebsk, a city hundreds of Russian miles from Kishineff, which was interpreted as foreshadowing events similar to the recent scenes of human butchery. At the conclusion of a military parade held in that city on the date referred to, the commander of the local troops, General Zizianoff, ordered all men of the Jewish faith to step out of their ranks and to form separately. He then addressed them on the revolutionary agitation:

"Soldiers!" he said, "I want you to tell your people to keep out of politics, or we shall grind them into powder. Should anything befall them, not a man will be sent to protect them."

The local Jews took alarm. They sent to the general a deputation submitting that his utterance was apt to be construed by their Gentile neighbors as an encouragement to anti-Semitic riots. To which General Zizianoff replied that what he had said was in compliance with a secret circular which he had received from his superiors, in which he was ordered "to show no mercy to Jews."

Similar threats were uttered elsewhere. The meaning of all this, according to the interpretation of the revolutionists, is that the authorities are determined to set the various elements of the population against each other as a means of demoralizing the movement for constitutional reform.

What General Zizianoff said to the Jews of Vitebsk the Chief of Police of Kishineff said to the Jews of his city when these applied to him for protection, on the eve of the fiendish outbreak. "It will serve you people right," he said. "Let the Jews not preach socialism." Two weeks later, this same official rode through the riot-ridden streets coolly smoking a cigarette.

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The bulk of the revolutionary army is made up of Gentiles, not of Jews. The town of Zlatoust, for example, is a typically Great-Russian town, without a single Jew among its residents; and yet it is honeycombed with revolutionary sentiment; and the immense street demonstrations which have taken place in cities like St. Petersburg or Moscow have consisted almost entirely of the same element. But it is true that the Jews have more than their quota among the men and women who defy the isolated prison-cell and the gallows in their devotion to the cause of liberty; it is true that, enjoying, as they do, a much higher average of intelligence than any other element of the population, they take an exceptionally active part in the dissemination of Western ideas; and this is another reason why an anti-Jewish outbreak, on the eve of the proposed May demonstrations, would have been of advantage to the government in troublous times like these. When the news of the Kishineff horrors spread, and the panic-stricken Jews of other towns begged the authorities to protect them in case of an anti-Semitic attack, they were given to understand, through their "official" rabbis, that full protection would be guaranteed to them provided they undertook to prevail upon the revolutionists of their faith to stay away from the prospective demonstration. The result was that in several cities the May parade was abandoned.

Had the Kishineff rioters confined themselves to looting Jewish houses and stores, to destruction and rapine, with a few deaths "thrown in," as the case was with the typical riot of 1881-1882, it seems within bounds to suppose that the crusade would have been allowed to spread to other towns; for indeed, a thunder-storm is gathering in the empire, and the electric rod which had been used under similar conditions twenty-two years ago seemed to commend itself to M. von Plehve's taste once again. But, unfortunately for the anti-Semites and the powers behind their throne, the thugs of Kishineff had overdone it; a cry of horror went up from the civilized world, and the crusade had to be stopped. Thus the victims of the slaughter died the death of veritable martyrs, for it was their horrible fate which saved their brethren in other cities from the visitation of infuriated mobs. Still, in those places where the revolutionary agitation has gained a footing an anti-Jewish riot would scarcely be possible. There is every reason to expect that in case of an outburst of anti-

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Semitic feeling among one part of the Gentile population, the would-be rioters would be checked by multitudes of their own coreligionists. Something of this sort happened recently in Poland, where an anti-Jewish riot was allayed by the interference of revolutionary working-men of the Catholic faith. The secret societies to which they belong include hundreds of Jews, and this has proved a potent factor in removing the race-prejudices which otherwise keep the two elements of the population apart.

In a report of the recent riot published in the "*Pravitelstvenny Viestnik*" ("Government Messenger"), allusion was made to economic relations between Jew and Gentile as the basic cause of the outbreak. This can be well-founded only in connection with the well-known fact that the leaders of the Kishineff massacre included merchants whose sole competitors in business happened to be Jews—another detail, by the way, which makes the Kishineff riot appear like a copy of the average riot of 1881-1882. In his official report made to the State Department in 1893, Dr. A. D. White, then United States Minister at St. Petersburg, says:

"The fact is that but a very small fraction of them (the Jews) in Russia are wealthy; few even in comfortable circumstances; the vast majority of them are in poverty and a very considerable part in misery—just on the border of starvation."

Touching upon the question of money-lending, Dr. White says:

"Sundry bankers and individuals in parts of Russia where no Jews are permitted have made loans at a much higher rate than Jews have ever ventured to do; while it is allowed that 100 per cent. a year has not infrequently been taken by the Israelites, there seems to be no doubt of the fact that from 300 to 800 per cent. and even more, sometimes, has been taken by Christians . . . . and a leading journal of St. Petersburg, published under strict censorship, has recently given cases with names, and dates, where a rate higher than the highest above-named was paid by Russian peasants to Christian money-lenders."

Dr. White further states that the number of Jewish artisans in Poland constitute "about one-half the entire adult male Israelite population." This was written ten years ago. To-day, fully three-fourths of all the Jews in the Empire are engaged in productive labor. As to the Jewish money-lenders, they form but an insignificant minority and are far surpassed in numbers as well as in rapacity by the "*Kulaks*" ("fists")—the characteristic Russian word for human sharks, "of the true Christian faith,"

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who prey upon the Russian peasant. The best Russian literature of to-day is full of varieties of this type of "Christian usurer," and they are portrayed by the realists in colors even less attractive than their Jewish counterparts are in the anti-Semitic press.

M. von Plehve's talk of Jewish "exploitation" is borne out neither by his anxiety about the strength of the labor movement among the Jews, nor by what he knows of the Kishineff riot and of its predecessors of 1881, in which the wildest fury of the mob has invariably vented itself, as we have seen, on those Jews who work hard as mechanics or laborers, and live "just on the border of starvation." To be sure, M. von Plehve's report makes no mention of the fact that, while many of those who are known to have been among the wholesale murderers of the massacre are going about at large, some twenty young men and women who were arrested in Kishineff about the time of the outbreak for reading revolutionary publications, are about to be sent to Siberia. Nor, indeed, is there anything said in the report as to the fact that during the same three days when the Kishineff troops allowed Jews to be slaughtered and literally torn to pieces, the troops in several other cities were held in readiness with strict orders to disperse May processions at the muzzle of the rifle or by the lash of the lead-tipped Cossack whip. As a consequence of these orders, according to the latest reports of the revolutionary press, bloody conflicts took place during the May demonstrations in several cities on the Caucasus, fifty paraders having been severely wounded and several Cossacks killed in Baku alone.

Russia seems to be on the eve of important events, and the danger of the present situation does not lie "in a society made up of a handful of people," as M. von Plehve assured the correspondent of the Paris newspaper, but in a state of things under which, to borrow a phrase from an "underground" Russian leaflet, "Cossack whips are snapping and unsheathed sabres are gleaming at every turn"; in a state of things under which the white terror of the knout, the prison cell and the gallows gives birth to the red terror of the pistol and the dynamite bomb. It is one of those situations, in fact, to which apply the words of Emerson: "Of no use are the men who study to do exactly as was done before, who can never understand that to-day is a new day."

ABRAHAM CAHAN.

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A COLOMBIAN VIEW OF THE PANAMA CANAL QUESTION.

BY RAÚL PÉREZ.

MUCH misapprehension prevails in the United States as to the reasons why Colombia hesitates with regard to the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty. There is a universal opinion here that Colombians can have no sane motive for reluctance in the matter, and that the delay must result either from cupidity or from vagaries inexplicable to the rational mind. The popular belief exists that no Colombian can advance a logical excuse for withholding consent to a transaction which is supposed in the United States to be of inestimable value to his country.

The facts as they should be understood may be stated thus:

First: Neither the Colombian Executive nor an ordinary Congress can constitutionally ratify a treaty that involves a cession of territory to a foreign Power;

Second: The canal will not be of as much benefit to Colombia as those who are unfamiliar with the situation assume;

Third: Colombians firmly believe that there are other solutions to the problem, which, besides being fair and legal, would permanently satisfy both the United States and Colombia.

The most important matter to be settled with regard to opening the canal is that of exactly defining the status of the party that will carry on the enterprise. It is evident at a glance that there is a wide difference between a private corporation, such as the *Compagnie Universelle du Canal de Panama,* and the powerful government of the United States of America. The Company has been doing and was to do business under the protection of the Colombian laws, subject to those laws in every detail; being considered simply as any other "juridical person"—that is, any Colombian citizen—in accordance with the fourteenth article of

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the Constitution, which reads as follows: "Companies or corporations, registered in Colombia as juridical persons, will have no further rights than those granted to Colombian citizens."

If the substitution of the United States government for the *Compagnie Universelle* were once effected, and the consequent transference of rights carried out, would the United States submit to be considered merely a "juridical person," with no more rights than any other Colombian citizen carrying on business in Colombian territory, under protection of the Colombian laws and subject to those laws in every respect? Such is not the spirit of the Herran-Hay treaty; and, even if it were, Colombians would have plausible reasons for misgivings or apprehensions on that point. No one willing to consider the situation with absolute impartiality can criticise those who desire that the status of the Panama Canal builders should be most clearly defined, particularly in a case where a World Power is to be the builder.

Article 21, of the Salgar-Wyse contract (Colombian law 28 of the year 1878), in full force to-day, reads as follows: "The concessionaries, or those who in the future may succeed them in their rights, may transfer those rights to any other capitalists or financial corporations; but they are expressly forbidden to transfer them or mortgage them, under any consideration, to any foreign nation or government." Nothing could be more explicit, and this legal disposition in itself is enough to invalidate the Herran-Hay treaty.

Let it be well understood that the Colombians—that is, the large majority of those who think and have true patriotic feeling—are decidedly favorable to the opening of the canal by the United States, should the negotiations be concluded in a manner that would result in real and lasting good to their country.

In fixing the status of the builders of the canal, it may be true that there are some difficulties, but none of these are insuperable. It is evident that for a powerful government to be placed in the position of a mere "juridical person," under the laws of a weak and unstable so-called republic, is rather awkward and has no precedent. On the other hand, neither the Colombian Executive nor even the Colombian Congress has the power to make a cession of territory belonging to the Colombian *Nation*.

Only a constitutional convention, whose members should be expressly elected by the people for that purpose, would be em-

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powered to cede territory to another country; but it may be safely stated that in no nation of the world would it be possible to find a set of men to assume such responsibility. The proof of this is that, after the Colombian dictator has himself chosen his own unconditional supporters as members of the Congress about to meet, the feeling exists that these "picked men" will not dare approve the cession of the Panama territory.

It may be cited that France sold Louisiana, and Russia the Alaskan Peninsula, to the United States, but the conditions were very dissimilar. Neither Louisiana nor Alaska was truly an integral part of the actual national territory of France or Russia. Both were distant colonies. Panama is bone of the bone and blood of the blood of Colombia, and has always been her cherished hope.

It may be argued that, in a country of misrule and continual trespassing of the Constitution, of human laws, and even of laws divine and natural, one more disregard of law is a trifling matter; but all the wrongs in the world will not make one more wrong right, and it is not honorable to enter into an irregular dealing with another party under the pretext that he is a rascal. Such a course might seem correct to those who have an inextinguishable contempt for the South-American republics; but the criticism arising from an illegal procedure in this matter would likewise apply to the United States.

Rascality is not the term that befits the character of the Colombian people. We Colombians are extremely unfortunate and unhappy, owing to the existence in our land of two bitterly contending parties, representing diametrically opposed views, with regard not only to government but the very conceptions of life. One is a medieval, fanatical, and autocratic party, professing that the good of the people lies in complete ignorance and absolute submission to the church, with no other guidance through the world but unlimited faith in the priesthood. The other is a liberal, progressive, enlightened party, which believes that the people will not and cannot obtain any rational degree of comfort and stability except through popular and universal education, and after securing some independence from the iron control of the clergy.

The enlightened classes of Colombia believe that in the Isthmus of Panama their country holds something of value for all time, and they feel that such property is not exclusively their own, but

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that it is the patrimony of all future generations of Colombians, who will execrate their memory should they squander the national birthright.

The ten millions of dollars that Colombia would receive as the only compensation is considered inadequate, and the same would be the case if the sum were increased to fifty millions. This may sound preposterous on first consideration, but not to those who know that the money would be distributed among the dictator's clique and the religious orders, that it would thus serve but to strengthen the fetters that already cut the Colombian flesh to the bone, and that posterity would only contemplate its heritage turned into deeper ignorance and more ignominious slavery in proportion to the larger amount received.

There is also a very erroneous impression to the effect that the canal when completed will have a great beneficial influence on our country. The conditions as they exist to-day place Colombia in the position of the owner of a bridge, over which an immense traffic is constantly passing. There are many steamship lines converging on the ports of Panama and Colon that load and unload there enormous quantities of merchandise in transit, while large numbers of passengers are compelled to stop at both ends of the trans-Isthmian railroad. All such patronage is very valuable to the Isthmus; and, being terminals, both ports have naturally considerable importance. Such will not be the case when the canal is opened. Steamers will go through as rapidly as possible, the passengers dreading the unhealthy climate. There will be no loading and unloading of cargoes; the ports will no longer be terminals nor perhaps even coaling stations, and they will not have anything else to place on board but the scanty products of their own immediate neighborhood.

It must be borne in mind that the Isthmus is a strip of land utterly detached from the remainder of Colombia, separated by an immense tract of low, marshy land, which is covered with virgin forests, where not a single road exists, and into which but few explorers have penetrated under the greatest hardships and at the extreme peril of life.

Neither Panama, Colon, nor any other port on the Isthmus leads to any part of the settled regions of Colombia. The country has many ports on both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans which are much nearer the interior and are comparatively easy of access.

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The only gain with regard to trade—and even that is problematical—might be for a strip of land some three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, situated on the Pacific coast. The productions of that region, entirely tropical and chiefly consisting of chocolate, have already good markets in Chile and on the western coast of the United States, and it remains to be demonstrated that the freight rates through the canal would be low enough to enable the chocolate planters of the Colombian Pacific coast to compete with the Venezuelan product on the Atlantic side. In any case, that narrow Pacific region is the only portion of Colombian territory that could derive advantage from the canal. Every country in the world would be a gainer rather than Colombia.

The facts stated are perfectly well known to Colombians, who from the time of Bolivar have imagined that within the narrow strip linking the two American continents, Colombia held her great trump card. It would be an unspeakable disappointment to them to see that advantage fall into other hands, with no return but a few millions of dollars to be employed not for but against their welfare and prosperity. Indeed, so strong is this sentiment that it seems more patriotic to feel that no compensation at all would be preferable. There are many who maintain that a seizure of the Isthmus by a World Power would be more satisfactory, inasmuch as Colombians would be in a position to repeat in all coming years the phrase: "*Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur.*" The rights of Colombia in that case would hold good forever, and the day might come when they would be revindicated; but no such hope could be entertained if the dishonest band of clericals, who act as the government of Colombia, give a seemingly legal consent to the transaction.

The members of that band are in favor of the canal, not because they believe it to be of practical good to their country, and not because they have any love or admiration for the United States, but simply because they see the possibility of securing ten millions of dollars to be applied to their own purposes. They argue more or less thus: "The Isthmus is a segregated limb of the country where we have not full sway. We may just as well abandon it in exchange for ten millions of dollars with which to establish our uncontested dominion in the rest of the territory."

The other enthusiastic supporters of the canal treaty as it stands are the shortsighted inhabitants of the Isthmus, who long

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to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. They see in the near future a boom for their region—excavation contracts, which they imagine will be as profitable as were those of the good old times of the *Compagnie Universelle;* an increase in the value of property; thousands of people coming to make their fortunes, and all the business opportunities attending an undertaking of this kind.

They do not stop to consider what their exact situation will be after the work is completed. Will it be any better than that of the region near the Suez Canal? There are good reasons to foresee that it may be less important. Egypt is visited by tourists from every quarter of the globe. The Isthmus of Panama offers no allurements to the traveller or the archæologist. From their unhealthy shores, the Isthmians could only watch the ocean steamers transport the productions of the world without even pausing for the briefest greeting. Their position might be compared with that of a small town which sees its one slow train suddenly transformed into a lightning express. In the one case, they can take the train at will and may avail themselves of its other advantages; in the other, they could do nothing but boast that the great express flashes past their windows. For more than three centuries, ships of all nations have been regularly going through the Magellan Straits, and yet the shores of the Fire Islands and Patagonia continue to be as barren as when the continent was discovered.

What the Colombians would like to do about the canal would be to have their country hold a permanent interest in the enterprise as a partner of the United States, deriving an income that would benefit not a few officials and one political party but all the people for generations to come. There is no reason why a partnership of that nature could not be successfully carried out, in the same way as a partnership between individuals. All details could be deliberately and safely settled between the two countries to the entire satisfaction of both, bearing in mind that a century in the life of a nation counts no more than one year in the life of a man, and that the canal must be of vast consequence for ages. The desire to cut the canal open as rapidly as possible is praiseworthy, but it is more important to lay first the solid foundations of the transaction and establish the exact limitations of the rights of those concerned, so as to avoid all possible friction in the future.

RAÚL PÉREZ.

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THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY—AN AMERICAN SCHOOL.

BY G. L. KITTREDGE, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

DR. JOHN PHILLIPS, founder of The Phillips Exeter Academy, was a somewhat remarkable man. He was educated as a minister, and had, in his youth, the reputation of being "a devout, zealous, animated, and pathetic preacher." He became a successful merchant, and in the latter part of his life he "employed his capital in making loans on interest." He went to Exeter as a schoolmaster, and his first taxes were four shillings and twopence. He became one of the leading citizens of the province, and the richest man in a very substantial and prosperous community. At the age of twenty-four, he married a wealthy widow of forty-one, whose daughter had just rejected him, and by all accounts the marriage was a happy one. He was no revolutionist, yet he kept the respect of his fellow-citizens throughout the War of Independence, and the verdict of history acquits him of offensive Toryism. He was shrewd in business and notably frugal in personal expenditure; but he never forgot what was due to his dignity as a man and a gentleman. Indeed, he seems to have been somewhat precise in exacting the tribute of respect from his younger contemporaries. He insisted, we are told, that every boy should touch his hat and every girl should drop a courtesy on passing his house, if he happened to be visible, as he often was, pacing up and down on the platform in front of it. Tradition reports that he was an austere man, and it is not unlikely that he insisted on prompt payments. Yet one who knew him speaks feelingly of "the patriarchal sweetness of his countenance." He was far from popular, but he was universally respected, and his integrity and high principle were never questioned. Altogether,

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he was a man of strong character and marked individuality, who always knew exactly what he was about. Old New-Englanders, at all events, will recognize the type. It is a type that has had no small share in framing the destinies of our country.

What has just been said of Dr. Phillips, however, gives a very imperfect idea of his character, though it may suggest his personality. One element of the first importance remains to be mentioned: he was, like most Americans, an idealist. More than that, he was an enlightened idealist; he planned instead of dreaming, and he accumulated with patient frugality the means that enabled him to carry out his plans. There is something uncommonly stimulating in the record of Dr. Phillips's benevolent projects. They were not external to the rest of his life, nor was there anything casual about them. They were the spontaneous, though deliberate, expression of his attitude of mind. Those were the days when men were in the habit of writing down their thoughts for their own inspection, and one significant memorandum of Mr. Phillips's (he was not then "Dr.") has been preserved: "Being sensible that a part of my income is required of me to be spent in the immediate service of God, I therefore devote a tenth of my salary for keeping school, to pious and charitable purposes." This note was made shortly after his graduation from Harvard College, and when he had just given up his intention of devoting himself to the ministry. But the purpose which it expressed was not abandoned when he became a rich man. It only strengthened as he grew older. In 1762, when he was about forty years of age, he wrote to his brother Samuel with regard to "a united effort in our family, for doing some special service for God." He asks him to consult with their father and their other brother, and adds these touching and impressive sentences:

> "Our parents designed and educated us to serve Christ personally in the work of the ministry; our time has been otherwise employed; our other labors by his blessing succeeded. May our God have the fruits of them for the carrying to an end the same blessed work by such whom he shall please to send."

It was natural that John Phillips should apply his thoughts to the advancement of education. He was, like his father and his great-grandfather, a graduate of Harvard College. His earliest ancestor in this country, the Rev. Samuel Phillips, who came over with Winthrop in 1630, had studied at the University of Cam-

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bridge. Learning was a family tradition. John Phillips had no children and his relatives were in easy circumstances, so that he felt free to follow his inclination in the bestowal of his goods. It was in 1770, apparently, that he began his systematic career of intelligent giving for educational purposes. The first beneficiary was Dartmouth College. His gifts to this institution, though not large, were important. They determined the location of the college at Hanover, and they procured the foundation of a Professorship of Divinity. In 1777, he was honored with the degree of LL.D.—the second conferred by Dartmouth. In 1778, he joined his brother in endowing the Phillips Academy at Andover, his native town. This institution received its charter in 1780, and in the next year the legislature of New Hampshire incorporated The Phillips Exeter Academy, which was Dr. Phillips's own foundation, in the town where he had resided for the greater part of his life. His gifts to the Academy at Exeter during his lifetime and by his will (he died in 1795) aggregate about $60,000—a very ample sum for those days, and one that, in the language of Governor Bell,* should be estimated in the light of what it has since accomplished. It was far greater than any sum which had been devoted to a similar endowment in America at that time.

It is noteworthy that Dr. Phillips gave away a large share of his fortune before he died. This was partly a matter of conscience, as we have seen. In part, however, his action must have been dictated by his wish to shape the policy of the Academy himself. He was more than a benefactor; he was a practical teacher, and he had a definite theory of American education. Further, he was an excellent administrator and a first-rate man of business. For twelve years, he was the President of his own board of trustees, and the success of his foundation was his chief interest in life. Such an arrangement would not always be discreet or even safe. In his case, it was of incalculable advantage to the Academy, and, indeed, it may well be reckoned as a great part of his benefaction. For Dr. Phillips may best be described by an adjective less often applied to persons than it used to be: he was emphatically a "wise" man. The provisions of the act of incorporation are significant. The Academy was established at Exeter, but a majority of the trustees were to be non-residents;

* In his "Historical Sketch of The Phillips Exeter Academy" (1883), an interesting book, which I have freely utilized in this paper.

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and the board could at any time, by a two-thirds vote, remove the institution to any other place in New Hampshire which they should judge "best calculated for carrying into effectual execution the intention of the Founder." Obviously, Dr. Phillips understood the dangers of local control, and he forestalled them in the most effectual way. It was not a town school that he contemplated, but a national institution. Not less prudent and far-seeing was that other limitation which prescribed that a majority of the trustees should be laymen. Dr. Phillips belonged to a clerical family and he was a devout man, but he did not wish the Academy to be dominated by the church. It is a satisfaction to know that his precautions have been effectual, and that they have worked without friction. The Academy has attracted boys in great numbers from every part of our country. Its relations with the town, though cordial, have never interfered with its policy, and no religious complications have hampered its development.

The sessions of the Academy were opened in 1783 in a small building of four rooms. The preceptor was William Woodbridge, who received a salary of £100, and had one assistant. He was succeeded in 1788 by Benjamin Abbot, who held the principalship for fifty years. On his retirement, in 1838, the office was conferred on Gideon L. Soule, who had been associated with him for sixteen years, and who was at that time Professor of Ancient Languages. Dr. Soule retained the position till 1873. Thus the terms of service of these two eminent teachers covered nearly a century, and include the history of the Academy from the lifetime of the founder almost to the present day. Such continuity of tradition is rare enough in America, and it accounts in large measure for the distinctive character of the school.

It must not be supposed, however, that Dr. Abbot and Dr. Soule* were mere transmitters of tradition. Both were men of strong individuality, and each impressed himself upon the Academy. The wisdom of the founder had made ample provision, in the flexibility of his design, for easy and symmetrical expansion, and innovations came—like those which Lord Bacon ascribes to Time, the great innovator—steadily and gradually, without shock or surprise, as the school adapted itself from year to year to the changes which the advance of the country brought with it.

* Dr. Abbot received the degree of LL.D. from Dartmouth in 1811; Dr. Soule was similarly honored by Harvard in 1856.

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Dr. Abbot was not merely a good teacher: he was a close student of educational methods and himself an originator. There was little for him to learn from his American contemporaries. He could not follow; he had to lead. It is particularly interesting, therefore, to find that he turned to England for guidance. Not content with what he could find in print, he requested a friend to examine the great English public schools and to give him a full account of their system as it appeared in actual operation. The mission was well performed. Dr. Abbot derived valuable suggestions from his friend's report and used them with characteristic skill and good sense. He understood the wide difference between our social organization and that of England, and saw clearly that it was impossible, as well as undesirable, to reproduce an English school on American soil. He was quite aware that it is easier to copy than to adapt and assimilate, but he saw clearly that mere imitation would not solve the complicated problem on which he was engaged. The lesson that he taught has never been forgotten at Exeter. Analogies have often been traced between the English public schools and The Phillips Exeter Academy; differences are equally noticeable. Both the one and the other are elements in the success of this truly American institution,—American in the best sense, since it seems to be peculiarly fitted to the needs and the abilities of American boys.

Two changes of moment were introduced while Dr. Soule was principal. In 1857, the powers of a Faculty were conferred upon the instructors, and in 1858 the students were relieved of the requirement of preparing their lessons in the schoolroom under the eye of a teacher. It was a wise and considerate daring that prompted these reforms, and they have done much to confirm that spirit of self-reliance which is one of the most admirable points of the Exeter training. A young instructor at Exeter is not a mere agent of the Principal. He is responsible to the Academy at large and to his own conscience. He can count upon the advice of his older colleagues, but he is neither coddled by them nor overborne by their authority. He governs his own classes and has his share in the general administration. He speaks and votes in the weekly Faculty meetings, at which questions of discipline are decided and matters of policy freely discussed. The Principal has, of course, much influence, but he expects every member of the Faculty to say what he thinks, and he is quite pre-

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pared to be outvoted on occasion. The writer was for several years a member of the Exeter Faculty, and he can testify that the debates are as frank and fearless as it is possible for those of a deliberative assembly to be. The students know this, and they feel a corresponding respect for the decisions of the governing body. They are aware that they are living under a constitutional government, not under a benevolent despotism, and the knowledge does them good. The position of an instructor is dignified, for his tenure of office does not depend on subserviency or complaisance. Thus it is easy for the Academy to secure good teachers, and to keep them. Long terms of service are the rule at Exeter. Professor Wentworth taught there from 1858 to 1892, and is now a member of the Board of Trustees. His classmate, Professor Cilley, was in active service from 1859 until his lamented death in 1899. The Professor of English, Mr. J. A. Tufts, is now completing his twenty-fifth year of continuous service. Many other names in the long roll of past and present members of the Faculty show a record of from ten to fifteen years of fruitful instruction.

The second reform was equally important. The boy is responsible for his lesson, and he knows that his instructor will hold him accountable for it, at the set time, and will exact it to the uttermost farthing. Preparation for the recitation is the boy's own affair. Thus he feels under a far greater obligation than any that could bind him if he did his studying under the tutorial eye. The question is not, "How many hours have you spent in study?" It is, "Do you know your lesson?" Failure to be ready is not a mere peccadillo. It is a breach of trust, and, if it occurs often, it is taken—and the boy knows it will be taken—as evidence that he is not a good citizen of the academic community. This test is constantly applied. It is an accepted principle that The Phillips Exeter Academy is not meant for persons who need surveillance. It is meant for manly boys, and its discipline has proved to be singularly well-adapted to bring out those qualities which are requisite in the citizens of a republic. The students are under such control as ought to suffice for well-intentioned and healthy-minded young Americans. When, in a given case, this measure of oversight is not sufficient, the boy must leave the school.

It sometimes happens that a pupil, through no fault of his own, is mentally or physically unable to keep pace with his classmates. Such a boy, after a fair trial, is expected either to drop

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into a lower class or to leave the Academy. This is not dismissal. It carries no disgrace with it. The boy is simply out of place, and his parents are advised to withdraw him. This again is well understood by the students. There is a sharp distinction in their minds between dismissal for sins against good order and the quiet disappearance of an unoffending but ineffectual classmate. They acquiesce in the process of natural selection, recognizing the survival of the fittest as a law that works well—as the law that makes the Academy a school to which they are proud to belong. The effects of the Exeter method are particularly noticeable in the perilous passage from school to college. The Exeter graduate feels no such shock in the transition as is experienced by many boys who go to college from schools conducted on a more repressive and paternal system. He has learned to govern himself.

It must not be supposed, however, that there is anything hard or mechanical in the workings of the system described. The relations between the pupils and the instructors are cordial. Every student society—and there are several—has one or more "Faculty members," elected by the undergraduates themselves. The students are in constant association with the teachers, and mutual trust and helpfulness pervade the institution. There is no lawlessness; no lack of proper control. Indeed, the very fact that the students have to work, and work hard, if they are to stay in the Academy is itself a guaranty of good behavior. There is little student opinion in favor of laziness. It is a merit in the student's code to get one's lessons. Nobody is ashamed of making a good recitation. Good scholarship at Exeter gives a boy prestige among his fellows, no less than prowess in the baseball field or on the gridiron.

Physical culture is well attended to at Exeter. The school has long been famous for its interest in athletic sports, and the Campus, as the athletic field is called, is in good weather an animated place. Out-of-door life is very pleasant at Exeter in the spring and fall. The country is beautiful, full of woods and streams; and the upper river gives every facility for boating. There is a large and well-equipped gymnasium, under the charge of a competent instructor, and systematic exercise is a part of every student's life. Merrill Hall, the recent gift of Dr. Abner L. Merrill, is a welcome addition to the social facilities of the Academy. It affords commodious quarters for the two main

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literary societies, the Golden Branch and the G. L. Soule, each of which has a considerable library; and one whole story is taken up by a large room for reading and indoor recreation. Thus the Hall fills in some degree the place supplied by the Harvard Union at Cambridge.

For many years after the foundation of the Academy, the students boarded and lodged with private families in the town. This arrangement became insufficient for the needs of the school, and a number of dormitories have been built. There are now five such halls. No one is compelled to live in these buildings, and a considerable number of the students still lodge in private houses, but the dormitories are deservedly popular and are more and more resorted to. Dunbar Hall is reserved, in the main, for the younger boys, of whom it accommodates about thirty. It contains dining and recreation rooms as well as chambers, and is under the supervision of two married instructors, who, with their families, live in the building. The development of the dormitory system is chiefly the work of the present Principal, Mr. Harlan P. Amen. It has centralized and simplified the administration of the Academy, but has not weakened the fine spirit of self-reliance so characteristic of the place from the beginning.

The Phillips Exeter Academy has always been famous for its democracy. Some of the students are poor, and a considerable portion of the endowment goes to scholarships, in accordance with the founder's wishes and with the provisions of other special gifts and bequests. But there is no barrier, real or imaginary, between the indigent and the well-to-do. Generous intellectual rivalry among healthy boys is fatal to artificial distinctions. The son of wealthy parents meets his match in the classroom and on the Campus in a fellow-student who is working his way. On the other hand, the ignorant contempt for the rich which sometimes manifests itself in young men whose horizon has been narrow is quickly corrected in this atmosphere. The good scholars are not all foundationers, and the poor boy often finds his intellectual rival in his well-to-do comrade. Such association is good training for American citizens. Besides, Exeter is an old and dignified town, with a society of its own and well-sustained traditions. Hence the students are not likely to feel superior to their surroundings. They have no temptation, as they might have in a less cultivated community, to exaggerate their own importance.

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To maintain the democratic spirit is the constant care of the governing boards. Alumni Hall, now almost finished, should prove a powerful means to this end. This is intended as a general dining-hall; and, though there will be no compulsion, its advantages will certainly appeal to a large number of the students. The ample beneficiary fund of the Academy will enable the poorest to board at Alumni Hall on the same terms as the richest.

The main building, or recitation hall, of the Academy was erected in 1872 to replace the "Old Academy," a large frame structure put up in 1794, enlarged in 1821, and destroyed by fire in 1870. There are separate buildings for the laboratories of physics and of chemistry. The chapel, which occupies the greater part of the upper story of the main building, is one of the most interesting places in New England. The walls are nearly covered with portraits, most of them in oils, of eminent alumni and others who have been connected with the institution in the century and a quarter of its life. These paintings bring forcibly to mind the service which this venerable foundation has done for the Republic. Few seminaries of learning have so large a roll of distinguished sons. Twenty years ago the list, as summed up by Governor Prescott of New Hampshire, included five Ministers Plenipotentiary, seven Cabinet Ministers, eight Senators, twenty Representatives in Congress, twelve Governors of States, one Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, four Chief Justices of the Supreme Courts of States, four Justices of the Circuit Courts of the United States, three Attorney-Generals of States, nine College Presidents, fifty-two College Professors, 130 clergymen, 245 teachers, 510 attorneys at law, 262 physicians, thirty-six authors (including four eminent historians), 260 merchants, thirty-three Captains in the mercantile marine, three Major-Generals in the Army, two Rear-Admirals in the Navy, and scores of officers in both departments of the service. Bushrod and Augustine Washington, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, Cass, John P. Hale, Butler, Bancroft, Sparks, Parkman, Saltonstall, are names which suggest how closely the career of this great school is bound up with the history of our country. The past of The Phillips Exeter Academy is illustrious, and the future is bright with increasing promise.

G. L. KITTREDGE.

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THE CONSTITUTIONAL INITIATIVE.

BY LUCIUS F. C. GARVIN, GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND.

OWING to a widespread dissatisfaction with the action of legislative bodies, a strong demand for pure democracy is sweeping over the country. Finding that the representatives of the people, whether municipal, State or national, can be trusted neither to carry out the popular will, nor to formulate their own convictions into law, on every hand is heard the cry for Direct Legislation, or the Initiative and Referendum, as termed in Switzerland, the place of its birth. The force of this sentiment is illustrated by recent events in the city of Chicago. The State of Illinois recently passed a law allowing a municipal referendum when petitioned for by twenty-five per cent. of the qualified electors. This extraordinarily large percentage, calling in Chicago for the names of more than 100,000 voters, and supposed to be prohibitive in so large a city, was exceeded by many thousands of signatures.

At the election held on April 1st, 1902, the vote stood thus:

"For ownership by the City of Chicago of all street railroads within the corporate limits of said city	142,826
Against	27,998
Majority (5 to 1 in favor)	114,828
"For ownership by the City of Chicago of the gas and electric lighting plants, said plants to furnish light, heat and power for public and private use	139,999
Against	21,364
Majority (6 to 1 in favor)	118,635
"For the nomination of all candidates for city officers by direct vote of the voters at primary elections to be held for that purpose	140,860
Against	17,654
Majority (7 to 1 in favor)	123,206"

This was from 75 to 90 per cent. of the aldermanic vote at the same election.

On November 5th, 1902, the voters of Illinois expressed their opinion upon three other questions referred to them.

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The vote of Cook County, including Chicago, was as follows:

For State Referendum	170,616
Against State Referendum	27,244
Majority (7 to 1 in favor)	143,372
For Local Referendum	164,529
Against Local Referendum	25,960
Majority (7 to 1 in favor)	138,569
For popular election of Senators	172,211
Against popular election of Senators	25,930
Majority (7 to 1 in favor)	146,281

THE TOTAL VOTE

in Illinois was as follows:

For State Referendum	428,932
Against State Referendum	87,655
Majority (5 to 1 in favor)	341,277
For Local Referendum	390,972
Against Local Referendum	83,377
Majority (5 to 1 in favor)	307,595
For popular election of U. S. Senators	451,319
Against popular election of U. S. Senators	76,975
Majority (6 to 1 in favor)	374,344

All this goes to show the intense interest in and approval of municipal referendum in the second city of the United States.

Another and perhaps stronger indication of the popularity of Direct Legislation is the practically unanimous support given to it by organized labor. The American Federation of Labor, under the leadership of Samuel Gompers, after advocating the Initiative and Referendum for a decade, has recently issued a large extra number of its official magazine, "The American Federationist," devoted exclusively to this subject, under the title "Majority Rule in Combination with Representative Government."

The widespread public sentiment in favor of Direct Legislation has already crystallized into action in two sections of the country —the New West and New England.

In order to understand fully what has been done, or is being attempted, in these two widely separated regions, it is necessary to give a concise definition of a few of the terms in use.

Direct Legislation may be subdivided into:

1. The Compulsory Referendum, which requires all laws and ordinances to be submitted to a vote of the people.

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2. The Optional Referendum, which allows a minority of the voters (say, five per cent.), by petition, to require the submission of any law or ordinance to the judgment of the voters.

3. The Initiative and Referendum, which permits a minority, by petition, to propose a bill and have it submitted without change to a popular vote.

4. The Constitutional Initiative, which provides that a reasonable minority of the voters may propose amendments to the Constitution, to be submitted unchanged to the popular vote.

In every case, a majority of the votes cast by the qualified electors upon any proposition decides its fate.

Of the four forms of Direct Legislation enumerated above, the first exists in some of the cantons of Switzerland, but has never been suggested for adoption in any part of the United States. The second, third and fourth are now embodied in the Constitutions of three Western States, namely, South Dakota, Utah and Oregon. The provisions in the three Constitutions are substantially alike, although the Oregon amendment, adopted in June, 1902, made some improvement in details over its predecessors. It is worthy of note that the vote for its adoption was 62,024, and the vote against it only 5,667.

The opening clause of the Oregon amendment reads as follows:

"Section 1. The legislative authority of the State shall be vested in a legislative assembly, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, but the people reserve to themselves power to propose laws and amendments to the Constitution, and to enact or reject the same at the polls, and also reserve power at their own option to approve or reject at the polls any act of the legislative assembly."

In order to exercise the Initiative, a petition by eight per cent. of the legal voters is required; to demand the Referendum five per cent. suffices.

It thus appears that the Oregon Constitution, as now amended, gives power to the people (1) to demand and exercise the right of rejecting any law passed by the Legislature, (2) to propose and enact statute laws without regard to the Legislature, and (3) to originate and adopt any amendment to the State Constitution.

Taken in their entirety, these provisions are a signal departure from the form of government contemplated by the authors of our State and national Constitutions.

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Heretofore, the Legislature of Oregon has had complete control of statute law. But now the legal voters of the State not only possess an absolute veto over nearly all legislation, but they have actually become a co-ordinate legislature with power at will to fill another statute book with laws of their own making. Whether the Legislature has the power to amend or repeal the laws in this second statute book is not clear. If it possesses such power, then the action of the people is merely advisory—that is to say, it holds only so long as the Legislature approves. If, however, as seems more reasonable, the Legislature has no power to amend or repeal enactments by the people, then the second statute book is more in the nature of a supplementary Constitution, but entering into details heretofore reserved for enactment by the representative body.

It is the experience of both South Dakota and Utah that the necessity of having the constitutional provision for the Initiative and Referendum carried out by the Legislature has led to its practical annulment. In Utah, the Legislature has refused to make any enactment for carrying the amendment into effect. In South Dakota, advantage has been taken of the exceptions contained in the amendment to prevent the submission of laws to the people. The South Dakota amendment, which in this respect is very similar to those of Utah and Oregon, excepts from the Referendum "laws necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health or safety." As a result, in nearly every bill passed by the Legislature, the object of the amendment is defeated by the insertion of the following clause: "An emergency is hereby declared to exist, and this act shall take effect immediately on its passage and approval."

Among the several powers conferred upon the people in these three Western States by their Direct Legislation amendments is what I have ventured to term The Constitutional Initiative. And to this single and simple end has the movement in New England, which began in 1900, been strictly limited.

The Constitutional Initiative seeks to give to the people a more complete control of their organic law than they have ever had. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island, constitutional amendments designed to effect this purpose have for two years past been pending in their State Legislatures.

The form of the Massachusetts amendment of 1902, which, al-

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though lacking the two-thirds vote necessary for passage, received 111 yeas to 64 nays, is as follows:

"If fifty thousand legal voters shall petition the General Court for any particular or specific amendment to the Constitution, then it shall be the duty of the General Court to submit such proposed amendments to the people at State elections; and if it shall be approved and ratified by majorities of the qualified voters voting thereon at such elections, it shall become a part of the Constitution of this Commonwealth."*

The amendment proposed and pending in Rhode Island at the same time reads in its essential features as follows:

"Five thousand, or more, of the electors of the State, qualified to vote for general officers, may propose specific and particular amendments to this Constitution by filing with the Secretary of State, not less than three months and not more than nine months prior to any general election, a petition that the electors may, at such general election, cast their ballots for or against such amendments. . . . Any proposition thus made shall be submitted to the electors by the Secretary of State at said annual meeting, and if then approved by a majority of the electors of the State present and voting thereon in town, district and ward meetings, it shall, ninety days thereafter, become a part of the Constitution of the State."

The amendments proposed in the two New England States differ from those already adopted in South Dakota, Utah and Oregon, in that they do not attempt to deal with statute law.

Against the people's initiative in constitutional amendment, no valid or even plausible objection can be raised. An American Constitution is the people's law, and the qualified electors should possess precisely the same power to make and unmake it that the Legislature has to make and unmake statute law. In both instances, deliberation and simplicity are highly desirable and should be required. They are carefully provided for in both the Massachusetts and Rhode Island amendments.

It will be observed that both amendments restrict popular propositions of future amendments to a single and specific subject matter. This seems to be a conservative and wise provision, and

* At the 1903 session of the Massachusetts Legislature a Constitutional Initiative Amendment to the State Constitution was presented for the third successive year. It passed the House by a vote of 155 to 22, and passed the Senate on the third reading by a vote of 23 to 11. Before being submitted to the people for adoption or rejection, the proposition must be passed upon by the next Legislature. That in 1904 it will be made a part of the Constitution of that State seems now assured.

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might well apply to all constitutional amendments, however proposed. A complex amendment, dealing with two or more unrelated topics, places before very many voters the alternative of voting for the part which they disapprove, or against the part which they approve. As a matter of fact, bad provisions have been sandwiched in with good ones to such an extent that, in order to get the reforms needed, very objectionable sections have been added to many State Constitutions. It is for a similar reason that every new Constitution is in some respects inferior to the one which it supplants.

But, with a single subject matter placed before the people for their acceptance or rejection, it can and will stand or fall upon its merits. In this way will be insured a gradual and natural growth of the fundamental law of a State, far more safely and satisfactorily than the distorted and halting progress which proceeds from Constitutional Conventions held at intervals of many years; although occasion may arise for the appointment by the people of such a special committee, whose duty it shall be to revise the entire instrument and to report the result of its deliberations to the body politic.

The monopolizing by the Legislature of the highly important function of proposing amendments to the Constitution gives to that body, which is but a committee of the electorate, the power to say to its creator: We will decide for ourselves whether any changes shall be made in our powers and duties, and what those changes shall be. Although this remains the situation in nearly every State, it is both irrational and absurd, and finds no parallel in non-political organizations. It is in direct antagonism to the American theory of republican government, which historically embraces not merely representation of the people in a legislative body, but, primarily, the control of the organic law by the entire electorate.

The statement of this latter fact is to be found in the bill of rights of every State Constitution. The Massachusetts Constitution, for instance, contains these words [Article I, Part VII.]:

> "The people alone have an incontestable, inalienable and indefeasible right to institute government, and to reform, alter and totally change the same when their protection, safety, prosperity and happiness require it."

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In like manner the Constitution of Rhode Island begins [Article I, Section I.]:

"In the words of the Father of his Country, we declare, that 'the basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and alter their Constitutions of government.'"

Although the correct principle has thus been set forth from the beginning, it was not fully applied in any State prior to 1898, when South Dakota adopted the Initiative and Referendum amendment. It is true that the Constitutional Referendum existed from the first, and continues almost intact up to the present time; but the other half of Direct Legislation has been wanting, and remains to be conferred by the adoption of the Constitutional Initiative. The reasonableness of such initiative appears when the degree of control over the organic and the statute law is compared. The Legislature has power not only to enact, amend and repeal, but also to accept or reject propositions of any kind presented to it by a very small minority of its members. A Constitutional amendment, a law or a resolution, may be brought before either branch of a Legislature by any two members. In fact, any one Senator or Representative may introduce a proposition and bring it to vote by his fellows, provided he can get another member to second his motion—a mere matter of form which, indeed, is frequently ignored or assumed by the presiding officer.

But how has it been with the body politic in the matter of amending the organic law? No minority of the people—nor, for that matter, a majority, however large—could propose an amendment to the State Constitution. The people have been situated just as a legislative body would be if no one but its presiding officer had the power to present a bill or resolution for its consideration. In that event, any member, and indeed any number of members which did not include the presiding officer, would be wholly dependent upon his will for the making of changes in the statute book. No Legislature, no town meeting, no society, no casual gathering for the transaction of business—in fine no organization other than the body politic—can be found with its powers thus limited. No doubt the early Constitution-makers believed that Legislatures could be trusted to submit to popular vote any amendment desired by a considerable portion of the people. But in this they were mistaken. Experience has proved that a

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Legislature will propose an amendment wanted by its own members, but will utterly refuse to submit matters for which the strongest and widest public demand is known to exist. To this limitation of the power of the people over their organic law may be traced the absence from our State Constitutions of provisions adapted to making legislative bodies genuinely representative, to abolishing government by lobby, and to doing away with misrule in cities.

With the Constitutional Initiative established in any State, its people will have just as good government as they are capable of—or, as Professor Richard T. Ely puts it, "as good legislation as they deserve." Under present conditions the people do not get their deserts politically—indeed, they fall far short. They are now the sport of selfish influences which for any private purpose may wish to make use of the Legislature against the interests of the public. Consequently, a large share of produced wealth is diverted from the many who earn it, and, in the form of special privileges, is bestowed upon the few who manipulate legislation.

Our forefathers, in forbidding any change of a State Constitution save by a vote of the people, set up for our liberties a mighty defence. It devolves upon the States which love liberty to round out the work of our ancestors by making a full application of the most vital principle asserted by them. To the Constitutional Referendum which they evolved, it remains for us to add the popular Initiative, thus giving to a majority of the body politic complete control of the people's law, the Constitution of the State.

LUCIUS F. C. GARVIN.

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THE ANGLO-GERMAN INTERVENTION IN VENEZUELA.

BY W. L. PENFIELD, SOLICITOR TO THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

I.

MEASURED by its consequences, the intervention of Germany and Great Britain in Venezuela, in December, 1902, was a notable event in its relation to the law of nations. It was notable, first, as an impressive assertion of the right of intervention for the protection of subjects of the intervening states; second, as definitely fixing the status of the "pacific blockade"; third, as a solemn recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by non-American states; fourth, in finally strengthening the position of the Hague Court, and in advancing the cause of international arbitration. The influence exerted by the United States Government in the affair is one of the chief contributions which have yet been made in behalf of the peace and progress of nations. For it was important that the true nature and limits of the "pacific blockade" should be defined and generally accepted, since they vitally concern the commercial prosperity of states which are bound by the law of their being to protect their foreign commerce. And not less important and far-reaching are the consequences which will flow from the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, and from the reference to the Hague Tribunal.

On December 11th, 1901, the German Ambassador brought to the attention of the Secretary of State the existing conditions in Venezuela with respect to claims of German subjects, which were alleged to have "originated partly in forced loans extorted from them by the Venezuelan Government, partly in requisitions of personal property for the supply of troops, and partly in the devastation of landed estates." It was represented that these claims amounted to 2,000,000 bolivars, equivalent to about $400,-

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000; that the Venezuelan Government refused to consider those which arose prior to May 23rd, 1899; and that, of the residue, it arbitrarily rejected some and reduced others; that it treated the settlement of these claims as an internal affair of the country in which no foreign power could intermeddle, and that it repelled all diplomatic interference in the matter.

The German Ambassador declared that under no circumstances was the acquisition or the permanent occupation of Venezuelan territory contemplated. Secretary Hay, in answer, on December 16th, 1901, quoted the declaration of President Roosevelt, in his message of December 3rd, 1901, that "the Monroe Doctrine is a declaration that there must be no territorial aggrandizement by any non-American Power at the expense of any American Power on American soil," but that "this doctrine has nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American Power," and that "we do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of acquisition of territory by any non-American Power." Reference was further made to the personal assurances given by the German Ambassador to the President, that the German Government "has no purpose or intention to make even the smallest acquisition of territory on the South-American continent or the islands adjacent." The answer further made was, that "this voluntary and friendly declaration on the part of the German Ambassador was received by the President and people of the United States in the frank and cordial spirit in which it was offered."

On December 16th, 1902, Lord Cranborne announced in the House of Commons that England was anxious to assist the United States in maintaining the Monroe Doctrine.

In the considerate judgment of dispassionate and unbiassed men, in the light of these frank assurances, there could be no doubt that the British and German Governments contemplated no unfriendly action towards the United States. Their action was avowedly not taken in hostility to the Monroe Doctrine, and all apprehensions of that kind may be dismissed. Happily, the President and Secretary of State, though vigilant, retained unshaken confidence in the candid good faith of the two Governments, and the Monroe Doctrine, by their common action, has been intrenched, as it never was before, in the standing policy of nations of the Old World, as well as of the New.

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II.

Judicial Intervention.—All of the European and some of the American states recognize the right of a government to intervene diplomatically with another state which has arbitrarily confiscated the property or imprisoned the subjects of the former. But there are states which are unwilling to recognize this right, or to treat diplomatically with another government concerning such injuries to the subjects of the latter.

In the German note the grounds of the intervention were given as follows:

"The Government of the Republic argue, in the first place, that, owing to the interior legislation of the country, it is not possible to arrange diplomatically the claims of foreigners arising from wars, thus asserting the doctrine that diplomatic intervention is excluded by interior legislation. The doctrine is not in conformity with international law, since the question of judging whether such intervention is admissible must be determined, not according to the provisions of domestic legislation, but in accordance with the principles of international law.

"Nor can importance be given to the other objection of the Venezuelan Government, that diplomatic consideration of the present claims is inadmissible because an adequate road to a settlement is open by the decree of January 24, 1901, since the proceedings provided for by the decree do not constitute a guaranty for a just solution of those claims.

"Finally, the payment of any claims which a (Venezuelan) Commission might allow was to be effected with certificates of a new debt of the revolution, which, from what has been seen hitherto, would scarcely have value. In fact, the procedure employed by the Venezuelan Government has not led to a satisfactory solution of the claims. In particular, the few German claims which would be presented to the Commission have been, in part, unseemly refused, in part reduced evidently in an arbitrary manner; and even the recognized claims have not been paid, but the injured parties have been asked to submit to a project of law to be submitted to Congress." But this law "only comprises claims which could not be duly presented to a Commission. In spite of the sincerity of the desire which animates the Imperial Government to maintain existing good relations with Venezuela and although far from desiring not to respect the sovereignty of the Republic or to intermeddle in its interior institutions, it can only see in the proceedings employed by the Venezuelan Government an intention to deny to the German claims the settlement due them in conformity with international law.

"By order of the Imperial Government, I have to ask the Venezuelan Government to make a declaration immediately, that it recognizes in principle the correctness of these demands, and is willing to accept the decision of a Mixed Commission, with the object of having them determined and assured in all their details."

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The British note expressed inability to accept the Venezuelan note "as indicative of the intention of the Venezuelan Government to satisfy the claims which his Majesty's Government have brought forward," which include:

> "All well-founded claims which have arisen in consequence of the last civil war and the previous ones, and the ill-treatment and imprisonment of British subjects, and also include an arrangement of the foreign debt. I have asked the Venezuelan Government to make a declaration that they recognize in principle the justness of these claims; that they will immediately make compensation in the navigation cases and the cases above mentioned, and in those in which British subjects have been unjustly imprisoned or ill-treated, and that, respecting other claims, they will accept the decision of a Mixed Commission as to the amount and guaranty which should be given for payment."

The attitude of the German and British Governments with respect to the right of one state to intervene diplomatically with another, on the grounds stated, was in complete accord with the law of nations and with the traditional attitude maintained and with the precedents set by the Government of the United States.

III.

Pacific Blockade.—The pacific blockade was an innovation of the nineteenth century. It has only been resorted to a dozen or fifteen times, all told, under varying conditions imposed by the blockading states. It has no place in international treaties. It has not had the sanction of the common consent and usage of nations. It has no definite place in the common law of nations. It is not capable of authentic definition by precise statement and limitation. It can therefore only be described in general terms as the investment of the ports or coasts of a state, in order to secure satisfaction of the demands of the blockading state which could not be obtained without coercion.

It is undoubtedly an act of hostility which no state would commit against another state without contemplation of war. Yet it has usually been accompanied with professions of the friendship of the blockading state towards the state blockaded. Thus, at the time of its first inception, in 1827, after Great Britain, France and Russia had blockaded the coasts of Greece, occupied by Turkish troops, in order to compel the Sultan to accept their mediation, and after the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, their

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Ambassadors assured the Turkish Minister that the bonds of friendship which united the Great Powers with the Sublime Porte continued unbroken. The true nature of these protestations was confessed in naïve but trenchant phrase. "This is," said the Turkish Minister, "precisely the same as if I should assure a fellow of my friendship while I was breaking his head."

In 1831, France blockaded the Tagus and ports of the Portuguese coasts, in order to obtain reparation for injuries alleged to have been committed upon French subjects.

In 1833, Great Britain and France blockaded the ports of Holland, in order to compel the latter to recognize the independence of Belgium.

In 1838, France blockaded the port of Vera Cruz, in order to compel reparation by Mexico for alleged injuries to French subjects, including forced loans, destruction of property and other denials of justice. Hautefille states that during this blockade forty-six ships of third states were seized, condemned and confiscated for violations of the blockade.

In 1838, France blockaded the Argentine ports, in order to obtain indemnity for injuries alleged to have been committed by that government upon French subjects.

In 1845, Great Britain and France blockaded Buenos Ayres in support of their offer of amicable intervention between that state and Brazil.

In 1850, Great Britain blockaded the port of the Piræus and other Greek ports in support of a claim for indemnity.

In 1860, the Sardinian fleets blockaded the ports of Messina and Gæta in aid of the revolt against the King of Naples.

In 1862, Great Britain blockaded Rio Janeiro, in order to secure an indemnity for the pillage of an English vessel wrecked on the Brazilian coast.

In 1879, Chile blockaded the coast of Bolivia during the war between the former and Peru. This was subsequently followed by a declaration of war against Bolivia.

In 1884, France blockaded the ports of Formosa in support of reclamations in behalf of the families of slain French soldiers, and for expenses occasioned by hostilities in Tonquin. The notice of the blockade declared, that every vessel which attempted to violate the blockade would be proceeded against conformably to international law and existing treaties. The President of the

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Council of Ministers declared in the French Chamber of Deputies that "we are at Formosa not as conquerors, but as creditors, resolved to pay ourselves if our right is longer contested, and to seize the reparation which is our due." The British Government refused to acquiesce in these asserted rights of a pacific blockade. Lord Granville announced to Mr. Waddington that "the contention of the French Government, that a pacific blockade confers on the blockading Power the right to capture and condemn the ships of third nations for a breach of the blockade, is in conflict with well-established principles of international law."

In 1886 Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Austria and Russia blockaded the coasts of Greece, in order to compel it to stop its preparations for war with Turkey which threatened the peace of the Orient.

All of these were styled pacific blockades. The blockades of 1827, 1833, 1845, 1860, 1879, 1886, and 1897 (mentioned hereafter) were political in their objects; while those of 1831, 1838, 1850, 1862 and 1884 were judicial in their objects, made in order to secure redress for wrongs alleged to have been committed by judicial decisions or by the arbitrary imprisonment, or confiscation of the property, of the subjects of the blockading states.

On March 20th, 1897, France, Italy, Germany, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary and Russia announced a pacific blockade of the island of Crete; that the blockade would be general for all ships under the Greek flag; that ships of the six Powers or of neutral Powers might enter the ports occupied by the Powers and land their merchandise, but only if it was not for the Greek troops or the interior of the island; and declared that the ships might be visited by any ships of the international fleet. The United States Government answered that it was "not a signatory of the treaty of Berlin nor otherwise amenable to its engagements," but that it did not concede "the right to make such a blockade as that referred to"; and it reserved "the consideration of all international rights, and of any question which may in any way affect the commerce or interests of the United States."

It so happened that the United States had no commerce with the island of Crete, and the answer given was simply in the nature of a *caveat*. But the proposed innovation on the settled law of nations was of a startling nature. Perhaps its most dangerous feature was the uncertainty, the vagueness of conception, as to

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what rights or claims of right might finally be asserted by blockading states. All the parties were avowedly at peace with each other; and yet the commerce of third states was to be treated in a time of unbroken peace as if the differing states were at war. It was an anomalous situation. The blockade was not defined nor regulated by the law of nations, in place of which might be substituted the caprice, or the exclusive interest of the blockading Powers. By what lawful right then could one state either forbid or license the ships of another state, with which it was at peace, to enter the ports of any state with which it was also at peace? By what right could a state, in a time of unbroken peace, compel third states to interrupt their commercial relations with the blockaded state? By what right could it impose upon third states duties of neutrality which arise only from a state of war? By what right and for what purpose might it visit in a time of peace the law-abiding ships of the United States? What action could it take with respect to such ships and cargo when visited?

Lord Palmerston had said, in 1846, with reference to the blockade of Buenos Ayres:

"Blockade is a belligerent right, and unless you are at war with a state, you have no right to prevent ships of other states from communicating with the ports of that state—nay, you cannot prevent your own merchant ships from doing so."

The Brazilian ship, "Comte de Thomar," was seized for violating the pacific blockade against the Argentine Republic. The French Council of State decided that:

"Articles qualified as contraband of war cannot be seized unless the captor belongs to a belligerent Power; that, consequently, the seizure of such articles, made upon a ship belonging to a Power whose coasts have been blockaded without a declaration of war, is void."

In blockading the Greek ports, in 1850, the British Government prohibited any ship sailing under the Greek flag from entering or leaving or communicating with any of the blockaded ports or harbors, under penalty of seizure and sequestration; but it did not purpose to interfere with the commerce of other states.

The Powers, in decreeing the blockade of the coasts of Greece in 1886, declared that it would affect only ships sailing under the Greek flag, which were prohibited from entering or departing

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from the blockaded places. A violation of the blockade only involved their seizure and detention until it was ended.

On December 12th, 1902, in accordance with its note to the United States Government of December 20th, 1901, the German Government announced a proposed pacific blockade of Venezuelan harbors, and that "the blockade would affect ships of neutral Powers, which, although a confiscation of them would not have to be considered, would have to be turned away."

The United States Government answered that it adhered to the position taken by it in relation to the Cretan blockade in 1897, and therefore did not acquiesce in any extension of the doctrine of pacific blockade which might adversely affect the rights of states not parties to the controversy, or might discriminate against their commerce.

After this frank avowal of the United States Government, it was advised of an intention to establish a "warlike blockade," but "without any declaration of war." This answer then raised the question whether this phrase was meant to veil the same purpose under a new name, or whether an actual state of public war was contemplated. Accordingly on December 16th, the Secretary of State asked for a definition of what was intended by the phrase "warlike blockade." The answer of the British government was that the term "warlike blockade" was used to discriminate it from pacific blockade, which Germany preferred because blockade, *jure gentium,* is an act of war, upon which Germany could not enter without consent of the Bundesrath, and that the two governments had decided to adopt a regular blockade, *jure gentium.*

On December 17th, 1902, the British Prime Minister said:

"There can be no such thing as a pacific blockade. Evidently a blockade does involve a state of war. Without a state of war you cannot take the ships of another power and you cannot blockade its ports."

This was followed, on December 20th, by the announcement by Great Britain and Germany of a formal blockade in accordance with the law of nations, which created a status of belligerency and defined the rights and duties of belligerents and neutrals. On December 20th, Chancellor von Bülow announced that the German claims have not the character of mere business debts contracted by the Republic, but they have grown out of acts of violence committed against German subjects in Venezuela, either by forced loans, or by the seizure of cattle without any payment,

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or by the pillage of German houses and estates. For these acts of violence he alleged that no redress whatever was obtainable from the Venezuelan Government. And he added:

"Consequently, the Imperial Government was, to its utmost regret, forced to take the matter into its own hands. The first step taken as a compulsory measure against Venezuela was the seizure of her men-of-war, as this measure had no hostile character against Venezuela, except in case of an unexpected emergency. We regret the necessity of a blockade, and we shall certainly take care that as little inconvenience and trouble as possible shall be caused by it to neutral trade. Of course, we have not the slightest intention to make any territorial acquisitions in Venezuela. In that respect the United States Government has, months ago, received from us explanations and of a positive character. We are thankful to the United States Government for the trouble it takes to bring about a settlement by arbitration. We think that a fair arrangement might be come to in that way."

The allies were led to resort to the war-blockade by the practical difficulties of the situation in Venezuela. The latter was without attachable property. No embargo could be laid on its merchantmen; they could not be seized on the high seas; for it had none.

The only available means of coercion remaining, therefore, were the seizure of Venezuela's navy and of its custom-houses, the bombardment of forts, and the landing of troops. The latter step would be sure to arouse American susceptibilities touching the Monroe Doctrine. For at this point no boundary line has been drawn, and the step, if taken, might require its determination. Undoubtedly, the rights of national sovereignty entitle a state to defend its commerce, and to protect its inoffensive and law-abiding subjects in a foreign state from injuries of the character complained of. This is an essential right of national self-preservation—to meet and overcome, by force, if necessary, the hostile action of the offending state. And it might be that the accomplishment of this lawful object would in an extreme case require the landing of troops. But how far such a measure should be carried out, if at all,—in case of an extreme and unjustifiable refusal to yield to the demands of international justice—is a question on which a self-respecting government might feel tender, if questioned, even though it was absolutely sincere in its intended observance of the Monroe Doctrine. Evidently, the United States Government had no reason to question, and never did question,

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the candid good faith of the assurances which those governments offered before any action was taken. Here, then, at this point were arrayed the interests of the three governments—those of the United States summed up, on the one hand, in the Monroe Doctrine; and, on the other, the rights of Great Britain and Germany as members of the Commonwealth of Nations, which they were avowedly asserting. It is a convincing proof of the cordial relations existing between these three great states, and a happy augury for their future, that no occasion was given to the United States to ask, How far? and that no exigency arose to say, No farther. The skilful conduct of the delicate business by the three governments, and the successful manner in which the negotiations were handled by the Secretary of State and by the London and Berlin Foreign Offices, constituted a triumph of diplomacy.

The idea of the extension of the pacific blockade so as to affect the rights of third states, appears to have been finally repudiated by the concurrent action of three leading maritime Powers of the world. But its legitimate use as a form of reprisals, directed solely against a recalcitrant state, cannot be gainsaid. Within its proper limits, and in certain exigencies, it may be justified as an effective, adequate and less expensive and calamitous measure than open war. A war-blockade excludes all trade of third states with the blockading or the blockaded state. It is frequently accompanied with bloodshed and generally with an enormous increase of military expense, while it unsettles the markets of the world and inflicts severe losses by the depreciation of values. Properly restricted, the pacific blockade does not have these disastrous effects; it does not interfere with the commerce of third states with the blockading or the blockaded state. Its effects are limited to the states at variance, and are humane in comparison with the consequences of public war. It allows to the differing states time for sober second thought before the extreme step is taken.

But, perhaps, the strongest argument in favor of restricting its use and effects to the differing states is, that it favors the preservation of the peaceful relations of the world and the uninterrupted operations of its general commerce. It confines the damages inflicted to the interested parties, whilst their common suffering and interest supply a strong motive either to compose their dispute amicably, in the spirit of reason and justice, or to

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refer it to the determination of the Hague Tribunal. The use of the pacific blockade, as a mode of reprisal, is therefore, so long as it does not assail the rights of third states, as legitimate as reprisals by embargo or by the seizure of the ships of the offending state in its own waters or on the high seas.

IV.

The result of the intervention has therefore been of vast advantage to the states of the New World, by having led to the final recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by two leading European states, and by putting at rest further uneasy apprehensions on that score. The result has been a great gain to international commerce; for it has settled the invalidity of the pacific blockade so far as it affects the commerce of third states, and has emphatically asserted the right of intervention for the protection of foreigners against denials of justice. The final reference to the arbitration of Mixed Commissions and of the Hague Court involved an admission of the right of intervention for alleged denials of justice, which all civilized states are alike interested in maintaining and conceding. It involved the adjudication of the claims on principles of international law, unfettered by obstructive local legislation. It exalted the Hague Tribunal to a position above even the most sanguine hopes of the framers of the Hague Convention. This result is due in large measure to the firm attitude taken by the Plenipotentiary of Venezuela, Herbert W. Bowen, in favor of the reference to the Hague Court of the one question on which the Venezuelan Government and the allied Powers were unable to agree.

The action of the United States Government, leading to an abandonment of the so-called pacific blockade and to the formal recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, and the exertion of its influence towards the termination of the war-blockade and the peaceful settlement of the entire controversy by arbitration, has increased its prestige, and at the same time has strengthened its friendly relations with all the Powers at variance. The attitude taken and the salutary and effective influence exerted from first to last by the United States Government, is one of the chief exploits of President Roosevelt's administration; for it is one of the most brilliant achievements of American diplomacy.

W. L. PENFIELD.

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LETTERS FROM RUSKIN TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY ADAM SCOT.

It was the wise and witty Autocrat who suggested that every man, and it is to be presumed that the suggestion applies to every woman also, represents three distinct characters. There is the man as he conceives himself to be; there is the man as his neighbor conceives him; and there is the man as he really is and as he is known to God. But, indeed, by this token, the number of characters represented by any one man might be extended almost indefinitely. Every man's conception of himself changes, more or less, with his moods; and so subtle and strong is the influence of one personality in calling into play or repressing the powers of another, that the impression one makes upon one's neighbor may depend as much upon the neighbor's qualities as upon one's own. In this sense one is apt to be all things to all men; reserved, even morose, to some, whose natures happen to be antipathetic to one's own, open and communicative to others, with whom one is in active sympathy; bright and intelligent to some, intercourse with whom stimulates one's intellect, and hopelessly stupid to others who, by their very presence, seem to paralyze one's faculties and clog the activities of one's mind. It thus happens that no individual conception of a man, even though it be correct as far as it goes, is complete; so that, to gain an adequate conception of any one, it is necessary to collate, as far as practicable, into one general and comprehensive picture all the aspects which he has disclosed of himself to the various persons who, in various circumstances, have come into contact with him. It is this consideration that gives value to all kinds of testimony regarding the sayings and doings of one in whom the world is interested, which tend to show what manner of man he was in special relations of life.

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Through a little volume which has recently appeared,* we are favored with a glimpse of John Ruskin in a new and very pleasing light. The critic, the philosopher, the social prophet, burdened with a message he must deliver, denouncing the foolishness and perverseness of the world, and, with fine fidelity to his convictions, preaching principles which were not acceptable to the multitude: these are rôles in which this great Englishman is familiar to us. These indicate Ruskin as he appeared in his relation to what he regarded as a wayward generation; and the general, who saw only what he revealed of himself in that relation, have thought of him as gloomy, severe, impracticable, and morally dyspeptic. But there were other relations in his life, which brought to the light quite different qualities of his personality; and these letters to an accomplished young lady, who had inspired in him feelings which went from admiration to affection and from affection to love, bespeak a nature rich in the gentler graces, a warm and loyal heart, a sunny and at times even playful spirit of companionship, and a capacity for finding interest in the most trivial matters that had interest for a friend.

A very charming preface is contributed to the volume by the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland in the present Cabinet, and the artificer of the new Irish Land Bill, who disclaims the notion that any words of Ruskin need introduction, and modestly says that he accepted the request to prepare the preface simply as "one who reckons among the highest privileges of his life the courtesy and friendship extended to him, as a neighbor, by the family group at Hawarden."

The letters themselves are preceded and followed by extracts from a diary, giving an account of a visit paid to Hawarden Castle by Mr. Ruskin in 1878, during which he made the acquaintance of his fair correspondent. In the previous year, the sage of Coniston had published, in one of the English periodicals, an article which profoundly impressed Mr. Gladstone. The latter, with characteristic impulsiveness and generosity, invited Ruskin, who had written about him in unfriendly terms which were in the end unequivocally retracted, to spend a few days at Hawarden. Ruskin accepted the invitation. He had

* "Letters to M. G. & H. G. By John Ruskin. With preface by the Right Hon. G. Wyndham." Illustrated. New York and London. Harper and Brothers.

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imbibed from Carlyle, his acknowledged master, whom he familiarly called "Papa," a decided dislike for Gladstone and a deep suspicion of Gladstone's political aims and methods; and it was with grave misgivings that he set out to pay the promised visit to the great statesman. The device upon which he fell, with a view to enabling him to terminate the experience at a moment's notice if it should prove intolerable or unduly irksome, he would probably have condemned severely if it had been employed by another. He armed himself with a telegram summoning him home at once, under cover of which, should it be necessary to produce it, he might beat a retreat without discomfort or embarrassment. But the spell of Gladstone's enthusiasm and earnestness was potent, and under its magic influence suspicion and dislike were transformed into friendship and admiration. One cannot but smile at learning that Ruskin was nervous and troubled over the prospect of having to avow and justify his change of heart to his grim and fiery master at Chelsea.

The only basis of fellowship between Gladstone and Ruskin was a spiritual one. They soon became conscious that "they were fighting on the same side in the great warfare between good and ill; that they had the same cause at heart; that they both trusted in the supremacy of conscience over all material things, and in the reality of righteousness and in the hatefulness of lust and cruelty and wrong." But for this consciousness there could have been no sympathy between them, for their detailed views of things clashed at every turn. Indeed, their temperaments and points of view were wide as the poles asunder. Gladstone was practically democratic, and exuberantly optimistic; Ruskin was aristocratic, and pessimistic to the point of despair as to the destiny of the world. The contrast between them as suggested by some of the incidents described in these diary-notes, is striking and not infrequently amusing. One or two of these incidents may be cited in illustration. On one occasion, Gladstone, discussing Homer and the "Iliad," referred to "the poetic record of some prehistoric exchange" as affording proof that the principles of barter as recognized in modern economic science were well understood by Homer. Ruskin's bitter retort was: "And to think that the devil of Political Economy was alive even then!" When the Wizard of the North was the theme of conversation, Gladstone expressed the opinion that Scott had made Scotland, in the sense

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that his genius had drawn so many people to view the very scenes of his poems and tales that the means of communication in Scotland had been, of necessity, prodigiously increased, so that the old isolation of human life in the Highlands had disappeared, and localities that before Scott's time had been most remote and secluded were visited by troops of tourists. Ruskin interrupted his host, saying, in a voice of horror: "But, my dear sir, that is not making Scotland, that is unmaking it!" Gladstone referred to round towers in Ireland; Ruskin declined to discuss the subject, because it was a controverted one. "For at least twenty years past," said he, "I have made it a rule to know nothing about doubtful and controverted facts — nothing but what is absolutely true, absolutely certain. I do not care for opinions, views, speculations, whose truth is doubtful. I wish to know only *true* things, and there are enough of them to take a full lifetime to learn." When, however, Ruskin attacked Gladstone as a "leveller," he elicited a confession which surprised and delighted him. "You see," he said to the famous old Parliamentary hand, "*you* think one man is as good as another, and all men equally competent to judge aright on political questions; whereas I am a believer in aristocracy." To which Gladstone made answer: "Oh dear, no! I am nothing of the sort. I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle, the rule of the best. I am an out-and-out *inequalitarian*." An interesting avowal from one whose political ideal had been supposed to be the equalization of the power of the masses with that of the classes!

As has been said, it was on the occasion of his first visit to Hawarden that Ruskin met M. G., to whom most of the letters included in this volume were addressed. We are left entirely to conjecture as to the origin of his attachment to her, for there is only the slightest allusion to her in the diary-notes. One evening at dinner he aimed a coy compliment at her—she sat at his left hand—when he said: "He believed taste was improving in many ways, and young ladies were getting more beautiful every year, and tables were being more beautifully decorated." Again, after a wonderful outburst of enthusiastic eloquence in describing Carpaccio's pictures of "Saint Ursula," he was exhausted, and after tea he lay back in a big chair to rest, "while M. G. played on to us in the dark, with a magical touch peculiar to herself. We thought that he would sleep, but he grew absorbed,

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and at last rose from his chair and walked over to the piano, and hung over it until she had finished. As she ended, we all waited for him to speak, but he was so moved that he could find no words, and could only say 'thank you, thank you.'" Once more, we are told of a sermonic talk, nearly an hour long, chiefly on marriage, which Ruskin addressed to M. G. and Alfred Lyttelton, in which he urged that "women should not venture to hope for or think for perfectness in him she would love, but *he* should believe the maiden to be purity and perfection, absolute and unqualified, perfectly faultless, entirely lovely. Women are in general far nobler, purer, more divinely perfect than men, because they come less in contact with evil!" There are no further references to M. G., but the letters give pathetic proof of the comfort and help which he derived from the society of his fair young friend.

The first letter, with its naïve allusion to "quick little affections which one is greatly ashamed of for having grown so fast, and which one dares not tell of," was written very shortly after the termination of the first visit to Hawarden:

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 18*th January*, 1878.

DEAR MISS G——,—You are then yet at Hawarden? It has been only my doubt of your stay there that has prevented *my* letter of thanks from dutifully anticipating this lovely one of yours—*after* which, it feels itself very helpless and poor, not so much in actual words, as in ways of showing the pleasant hiding-places of the web of things one doesn't quite like to say; one's flattered little prides being all threaded in among quite real and more close-set humilities—equally unspeakable—and quick little affections which one is greatly ashamed of for having grown so fast, and which one dares not tell of. But I will courageously say this letter of yours makes me very happy.

For the thanks after the J. R.—they mean *both* the things you have all guessed—but are meant, or were on the sudden when you brought me the book, meant, to distinguish the poem[1] as one which had taught and helped me in the highest ways, from those which one merely reads with admiration or equal sympathy; one falls "upon the great world's altar stairs" helplessly *beside* Tennyson. I thank Myers for lifting me up again.

I thank Fors and your sweet sister, very solemnly, for having let me see your father, and understand him in his earnestness. How is it possible for the men who have known him long—to allow the thought of his course of conduct now, or at any other time, having been warped by

[1] Above the poem "St. John the Baptist" (F. W. H. Myers), Mr. Ruskin wrote, "J. R., with deep thanks."

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ambition, to diminish the lustre and the power of his name? I have been grievously deceived concerning him myself, and have *once* written words about him which I trust *you* at least may never see. They shall be effaced henceforward (I have written to cancel the page on which they are). If ever you see them, forgive me, and you will know what it *is* to forgive.

And you will *like* having me with you again, then, in the autumn? I never *can* understand that people can like me at all, if I like *them*. I'll read your letter over and over again, meantime; and am indeed, myself, to your Father and to you all,—Your grateful and loving,

JOHN RUSKIN.

NATIONAL GALLERY, *Friday, 28th July*, 1878.

MY DEAR M——,—You were a perfect little mother to me last night. I didn't feel safe a moment except when I was close to you. Look here, I've got notice from George Richmond and Acland saying they're both going to try to find me this afternoon. And I should like to see them, and to have that music to hope for all this evening and to-morrow morning; and, besides, I want you to give me a cup of tea this afternoon at about five, and if you can't, you can't, and never mind; but I'll just ask at the door, and it's of no consequence, as Mr. Toots says. You can't *tell* me you can't, *till* I ask at the door; because I don't know where I shall be. And I'll come for my music at three, to-morrow, instead, and you needn't say I may, because I must and will.—And I'm ever your devoted,

J. RUSKIN.

KENDAL, 19*th August*, 1878.

MY DEAR M——,—I'm going home to-day, and have just been putting these letters that have been carried in my breast-pocket on the moor, to keep the bleak breezes out, up in their own separate envelopes, written in the corner—F—— and M——. I've taken them as near the sky as I could reach—always; you have been on the top of every moorland at Malham, and finished with Ingleborough last Sunday after church. Judge how fondly by this time I think of the Hawarden trees! Not but that there are some dark clusters about the older farm-houses very beautiful, and I learned something quite new to me of the majesty of the plane in a group of them which I took, in the distance, for Scotch Firs, and could scarcely believe my eyes as I drew near and saw the great leaves, the branches had been twisted so grandly by the rock-winds.

Are you really going to be at Hawarden all the autumn? and can you let me come, when the leaves begin to fall? I don't think a pretty tree is ever meant to be drawn with all its leaves on, any more than a day when its sun is at noon. One draws the day in its morning or evening, the tree in its spring or autumn.

But I'm still afraid of myself, whether I shall be able to draw at all. I am not, yet; that is to say, it tires me more than anything, when it's the least difficult. It is but too likely I shall just want you to play to me all day long.

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You never told me why you were disappointed that day with Browning, or, did you say, as it seems to me I remember, "*always* disappointed?" He knows much of music, does not he? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords. I haven't had anybody to show off to since you told me whom to talk of, and now I've forgotten his name. It's a great shame to have forgotten anything you told me, but I think it's better to confess at once, and then, perhaps, you'll send me a little note, and tell me, will you?

With truest and most respectful regards to your father, and grateful remembrances to Mrs. G——, and love to your sister.—Ever your affectionate, J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *Sunday, 30th September*, 1878.

MY DEAR M——, ...

You see, I can come on the 10th, but, after this time of utter-do-nothingness at Dunira, I really want to see a little bit of and about books (they're all standing on their hind legs at present, and the printers rabid). And I meant, really and truly, to have written this morning to say I was at Mr. Gladstone's orders from the 25th, on; but now I'll do just what you tell me will be exemplary, and what I ought to do, and that is, come whenever you please, not *before* the 10th. But, quite seriously, I cannot *stay* more than two or three days at utmost, for I am indeed not well, and the excitement of conversation breaks me or bends me, banefully always. This was so even before my illness, and you know if Mrs. W—— had not forced me, I never should have ventured to Hawarden, and you must be a dear good little Mother to me, and take care of me every minute all the while I'm there. Love to Papa, though, and very true and respectful regards to Mrs. Gladstone, and I'm ever,—Your obedient and affectionate, J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 1*st February*, 1879.

MY DEAR M——,—The enclosed pensive little line lay under yours, this morning, on my writing-table. Very thankful I was for both of them, as, indeed, I ought to be. Poor F—— is sadly gentle; but I trust the bright Mediterranean sky will revive her father, and raise her into a coruscant F—— of fair South France. It's very pretty of you to give me those lovely lines:[1] I like them because that child I told you of, who died, who wasn't usually by way of paying me compliments, *did* once say "Those eyes," after looking into them awhile. If they could but see ever so little a way towards her, now! To-morrow, Lady-day, it will be thirteen years since she bade me "wait" three, and I'm tired of waiting.

But I'm taking care of myself, yes; perhaps not quite the greatest, but enough to do. I like the frost. I can't skate, and won't run the risk of shaking my shaky wits by a fall; but I was sliding about four miles altogether up and across the lake, yesterday, and came in very hot, and

[1] [On Aprile (Paracelsus).]

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am not stiff, for an old gentleman, this morning. Please imagine me, bowing or kneeling as low as you please, and ever gratefully and affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

AMIENS, 23*rd October*, 1880.

MY VERY DEAR M——,—I only did not answer your first letter because I did not think it was in woman's nature (being in the noble state of a loving daughter) to read any syllable of answer with patience, when once she knew the letter was mine. I wrote a word or two to F——; and now, if indeed you are dear and patient enough to read, I will tell you why *that* letter was written, and what it means. Of *course* it was not written for publication. *But* it was written under full admission of the probability of being some day compelled to allow its publication; nay, it might be, publish it myself. Do not for an instant admit in your mind the taint of a thought that I would privately write of any man—far less of one whom I honored and loved—words which I would not let him hear, or see, on due occasion. I love and honor your father; just as I have always told him and you that I did. As a perfectly right-minded private English gentleman; as a man of purest religious temper, and as one tenderly compassionate, and as one earnestly (desiring to be) just.

But in none of these virtues, God be praised, is he alone in England. In none of these lights, does it seem to me, is he to be vociferously or exclusively applauded, without *dis*honor implied to other English gentlemen, and to other English politicians. Now for the other side, my adversary side (that which, surely, I candidly enough always warned you there was in me, though one does not show it, "up the lawn nor by the wood," at Hawarden). I have always fiercely opposed your Father's politics; I have always Despised (forgive the Gorgonian word) his way of declaring them to the people. I have always despised, also, Lord Beaconsfield's methods of appealing to Parliament, and to the Queen's ambition, just as I do all Liberal,—so-called appeals to the Mob's—not ambition (for Mobs have not sense enough, or knowledge enough, to be ambitious) but conceit. I could not have explained all this to my Liberal Glaswegian Constituents; I would not, had I been able. They asked me a question they had no business with, and got their answer (written between two coats of color which I was laying on an oakleaf, and about which I was, that morning, exceedingly solicitous, and had vowed that no letter should be answered at all)—and in my tired state, *"le peintre ne s'amuse (mais point du tout!) à être ambassadeur."* The answer, nevertheless—was perfectly deliberate, and meant, *once for all*, to say on the matter the gist of all I had to say.

After the election is over—and however it goes—all this will be explained in another way; and you shall see every word before I print it, though there will, and must, be much that will pain you. But there will be nothing that is even apparently discourteous; and, in the mean time, remember, that if your Father said publicly of me that he cared no more for *me* (meaning Political and Economical me)—than for a broken bottle.

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stuck on the top of a wall—I should say—only—well, I knew that before—but the rest of me he loves, for all that.

I meant this letter to be so legible, and so clear and quiet—and here it is, all in a mess, as usual. . . . Perhaps you'll like it better so; but mind, I've written it straight away the moment I opened a line from my niece saying she had seen Mr. Burne Jones, and that you *might* be written to! And, my dear, believe this, *please*—if you care to believe it—that I never in my life was in such peril of losing my "political independence" as under my little Madonna's power at Hawarden.—And I am, and shall be ever, her loving servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

[This letter (23rd October, 1880) was written in answer to one from M. G., in which she informed him that his name had been taken in vain by the newspapers, and quoting the paragraph in question. (She thought this was the best way of punishing him.)]

AMIENS, 28*th October*, 1880.

MY DARLING LITTLE MADONNA,—You are really *gratia plena* (don't be shocked, I'm writing about the Saints all day, just now, and don't know when I'm talking quite properly to my pets), but it is unspeakably sweet of your Father and you to forgive me so soon, and I'm inclined to believe anything you'll tell me of him, after that; only, you know, I'm a great believer in goodness, and fancy there are many people who ought to be canonized who never are; so that—be a man ever so good—I'm not idolatrous of him. (If it's a—Madonna, it's another thing you know), but I never for an instant meant any comparison or likeness between D. and your Father—they merely had to be named as they were questioned of. On the other hand, I know nothing about D. whatsoever, but have a lurking tenderness about him because my own father had a liking for him, and was in great grief about my first political letter—twenty (or thirty?) years ago—which was a fierce attack upon him.

I do trust nothing more will ever cause you to have doubt or pain. I can't get what I have to say said; I'm tired to-day—have found out things very wonderful, and had—with your letter at last—more pleasure than I can bear without breaking down.

Dear love to your father.—Ever your grateful, ST. C.[1]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 15*th February*, 1881.

MY DEAR M——,—I am more than glad to have your letter to-day, for I have been thinking of you quite as often as you of me—to say the least—and wishing, you don't know how much, to see you.

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for having not enough loved him in the days gone by,

[1][St. Chrysostom (St. John the Golden-mouthed); the name given to Mr. Ruskin by his friend Mrs. Cowper Temple.]

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is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments.

I want woefully to see Alfred also. Can neither of you come here? I want *you* to play to me, and spiritualize me; him to play with me, and if *he* thinks it so! materialize me.

Please give my love to F——. I have been thinking of her too. I owe her two pounds, and shall try to send her *pious* usury. They have been too long in my napkin.

Don't let her do too much—(nor too little), and I want to see how she looks with more color—beauty truly blest, &c.

Dear love to your father; but tell him he hasn't scattered the Angelic Land-League,—and that that Punch is not a representation of its stick—or shillelagh—power.—Ever your loving, JOHN RUSKIN.

1882.

DEAREST M——,—The tea and roses will be exactly the nicest and sweetest for me to-day; but mind, you're not to have a levée, and cheat me of my music. . . . Please think, meantime, if you can find a tune that would go to Scott's "The heath this night must be my bed," in "The Lady of the Lake." It is quite curious how sometimes the prettiest words won't go to note-times. I *can't* get any tune to go to those, unless one puts Marie, with accent as in French, for the two short syllables of Scott's Mary.—Ever, my dear, your loving, ST. C.

MY DEAR M——,—You know your Father doesn't really want to see me; and if he does, he oughtn't, but should rest whenever he can; and I can't put A—— off, and I don't want to, because she's going out of town, and all that *I* want is to finish that morning's minute (but I hope a minute takes a long time to finish), and you can do *that* for me whenever you like—almost. Let me see, I won't be so horrid as to say, I'll stop in town *till* you like. But I do think, when I was so civil about that organ yesterday (or whatever it is) that you *might* play me a little music to my mind.—Ever your loving, ST. C.

1*st March*, 1882.

DARLING M——,—Your two notes are (what do you call them in music?) very lovely to me. I want you to put a third to them, then we can have a chord, can't we? I'm really ever so ill, still, and looking such a fright! I *could* tell you what I'm like, but please don't ask me.

Only, please, please very much, my dear little mother, read this enclosed note from one of the most precious girls I've ever known, in mere honesty and simplicity of heart-depth, and tell me what I *ought* to answer? Of course I won't answer *that*, but I should like to know, all the same; and tell me if you've known any quite horrid papas of this sort, and what's to be said about *them* in my new preface to "Sesame."

I've written a very short moral and anodynic line to her, to-day. The cousin's not the depth of the thing,—but he *is*, I believe, dying fast; per-

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haps for her *own* peace she's much better out of the way, but she might have been sent to a place where she could enjoy herself. (She's just eighteen.)—Ever your loving (it's all in sympathetic ink, though 'tis faded), lovingest, and gratefullest, ST. C.

1882.

DARLING M——,—I don't know what to do, for that music is always in my ears, and I can't do my mineralogy.

Also, I'm rather badly in love with that girl in the cap; you shouldn't have told me of her!

Also, I want to be a bear-killer and bull-tamer; and to have vulture maidens[1] going up trees like squirrels to look at me.

Also,—and this is quite serious (and so's the first sentence, and, indeed, so are the others)—I want you to get me the prettiest possible pair of gauntlet gloves that will fit a little girl of eleven or ten (I can't quite guess), but they're only to be rough gloves for country walks among thistles, only I want them pretty. She didn't win them fairly (more's the pity), but only in a skirmish with burdock heads, which I had no chance in, but you must have them for me to address, when I come on Monday.

Dear love to papa and mamma, and much to H——.—Ever your devoted, ST. C.

LUCCA, *3rd October*, 1882.

MY DEAR M——,—Expecting a letter, is she, with my consent and blessing? But doesn't she mean to take both, whether I give them or not? Tell her I'm thinking about it; and, in the mean time, I'll thank her not to take *you* out in boats not meant to be sailed in; for I don't find that people help me much out of heaven, and you're the only creature I've got left, now, who can at all manage me, or play a note of music for me as I like.

And tell her, also, I'm not thinking *much* about it, neither, for I've got my Ilaria here, and her pug-dog, and am rather happy.

Such a walk as I had, too, the day before yesterday, on the marble hills which look to Pisa and the sea. It is a great grace of the olive, not enough thought on, that it does not hurt the grass underneath; and on the shady grass banks and terraces beneath the grey and silver of the wild branches, the purple cyclamens are all out, not in showers merely, but *masses*, as thick as violets in spring—vividest pale red-purple, like light of evening.

And it's just chestnut fall time; and where the olives and cyclamens end, the chestnuts begin, ankle-deep in places, like a thick, golden-brown moss, which the sunshine rests upon as if it loved it. Higher up come again the soft grass terraces, without the olives, swept round the hill-sides as if all the people of Italy came there to sit and gaze at the sea, and Capraja and Gorgona.

[1] M. G. had lent him "The Vulture Maiden" (W. von Hillern).

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I can walk pretty well, I find, still; and draw pretty well, if I don't write books nor letters to young ladies on their marriage, nor to bankers on business, nor to authors on literature; but it's difficult to get a quiet time with a good conscience. I'm not going to do anything to-day but enjoy myself, after *this* letter's done, which I've rather enjoyed writing, too. You know its chief business is to thank you for your pretty post-script—but you know—none of you know!

Meantime,—I'm your comforted and loving, ST. C.

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, *26th November*, 1884.

YOU DARLING LITTLE MOTHER,—You really are the most perfect angel that ever St. Cecilia brought up.

I've been so woful for not seeing nor hearing you, you wouldn't believe! Please come and comfort me as soon as ever you can. Your note makes me so happy I can't understand it; but I'll be wherever you want me to be, next week, and always, if I can.—Ever your loving,

ST. C.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *29th December*, 1885.

DARLING M——,—Bless you? Blest if I do; I'll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don't you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes—it's the last chance you'll have of doing anything to please me, for I don't like married women; I like sibyls and children and vestals, and so on. Not that I mean to quarrel with you, if you'll come now and make it up. If you can leave your father at all—sooner or later by a day or two doesn't matter, or a day or two out of what you have left (I had rather you waited till crocus or anemone time, for we're about ugliest just now). As for F——, she was a horrid traitress, but *you* have been very faithful to me through all my wicked sayings about papa (I can tell you there would have been a word or two more if you hadn't been in the way). As for the poverty and cottage and all the rest of that nonsense, do you think you'll get any credit in heaven for being poor when you fall in love first? If you had married a conscientious Bishop, and made *him* live in a pig-stye—*à la bonne heure!*—Ever your loving and too-forgiving, ST. C.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *13th January*, 1886.

MY DEAR M——, ...

I couldn't answer your last letter without being disagreeable. I didn't mean, and never have thought, that girls were higher or holier than wives—Heaven forbid. I merely said I liked them better; which, surely, is extremely proper of me.—Ever your loving, J. R.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, *27th January*, 1886.

MY DEAR M——,—Your letter is very pretty—but women are stupid creatures after all! It really hurts a great deal more than you have the least idea—(but you ought to have had an idea, if women weren't stupid)

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to think that this is the last week of M. G.—and it's horrid to be hurt when one's as old as I am. I sha'n't think of you a bit. Of course I'll send you "Præterita," but I must finish the first vol., and bind it for you. I shall write "M. G." in the first number, to-day. I am sending on your letter as I did the last—to my sorella Francesca—who wrote back, I ought not to quarrel with you—but women are stupid creatures!

J. R.

I've given up being St. C.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 29*th October*, 1886.

MY DEAREST M——,—How often I think of you, and shall think as long as this life, whether of dream or reality, is spared to me, I am most thankful to be permitted to tell you, for my own sake; how much more if you can really get some strength or joy from your old friend, not having forgotten, nor tried to forget what you used to be to him. Of course, no one had told me of your illness, or my own would not have prevented my trying to hear of your safety; and, indeed, what you say of these illnesses of mine is in great part true, but they are very grievous to me, and I trust yours will return no more.

I am more passionately and carefully occupied in music than ever yet. Please get well, and be Sainte Cecile again to me. I will not write more to-day, but the moment you tell me again you should like me to.—Ever your loving "Aprile." JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 26*th March*, 1887.

DARLING CECILIA,—I am so very thankful for your letter, and for all it tells of yourself and says of me. If a great illness like that is quite conquered, the return to the lovely world is well worth having left it for the painful time; one never knew what beauty was before (unless in happy love which I had about two hours and three-quarters of once in my life). I am really better now than for some years back, able every day for a little work, not fast, but very slow (Second Præt. isn't out yet, I'm just at work on the eleventh chapter); and able to take more pleasure in things than lately. It's not to go into "Præterita," but you and F—— may know that I've been these last two years quite badly in love with ——, who's a Skye girl, half rook, half terrier, with a wonderful musical gift, and led me a dog's life, and never would play a note rightly if I was in the room, but made the piano clash and growl at me. At last I've been obliged to make them keep her at Herne Hill, and I'm getting some peace, but badly piqued and provoked and hurt. Tell F—— I've got some very comforting birch-trees, however, and cut everything away that worries *them*.—Ever your lovingest, "APRILE."

To M. G. *and* F. G.

BRANTWOOD, 15*th May*, 1887.

DEAREST FRIENDS,—But however is the sight of you to come to pass then? I need the help of it more than either of you, and *have* needed it

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all along while *you* two were all in the Wedding March by Mendelssohn, as Coventry Patmore put it in his beautiful poem, entitled "The Angel in the House."

You both of you stole that "march" upon me; neither of you gave me the slightest warning, but came each down on me with the news that you were to be married on "Monday," and expected me to enjoy the wedding-cake.

I've never for an instant been faithless to either of you. But F—— was never more than a birch-tree to me, and it didn't always keep march-music time; M—— was my little mother and Patroness Saint, and suddenly left me orphaned.

Heaven knows I bear no malice, but you can't hit your lovers on the heart, like that, when it suits you, and have them whenever you like to look for the bits to hang on your chatelaines again. Least of all can you expect them, when they are well-nigh on their death-beds, to hold your bells at the bridle-rein. . . .

If either of you, or both, could come here for as long as you please, it would be a beneficence to me of the very highest and gravest kind. And so farewell (and as much love as you care to take) for to-day. To-morrow (*D. V.*), I'll send you the motive of *my* "Iron March," which is in extremely steady time, but is not in root-movement of a cheerful character. You may melt it into iron that can be wrought.—Ever your affectionate, J. RUSKIN.

It would be difficult to define the exact nature of the sentiment betrayed in the correspondence from which the foregoing letters have been selected. If Ruskin was a "lover," as many passages might suggest even if he had not so referred to himself, his correspondent was, in his thought of her, "a little Mother" in whom he confided, on whom he depended for sympathy and cheer and, on occasion, for care and protection; she was his "Madonna" and "Patroness Saint" whom he worshipped with tender devotion. Whatever the sentiment may have been, however, there could be no more significant proof of its strength and intensity, and of its influence upon him, than the fact that it caused him—the pronounced enemy of democracy and the outspoken critic of democratic measures—to restrain his impulse to denounce a policy he hated and despised. "You have been very faithful to me through all my wicked sayings about papa," he wrote to M. G., in some bitterness, apparently, on hearing that she was engaged to be married: "I can tell you there would have been a word or two more if you hadn't been in the way."

ADAM SCOT.

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THE CURSE OF EVE.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

Does not the tree of knowledge still bear fruit accursed for the daughters of Eve, who did eat thereof and lost her Eden?

I am moved to put this question and give it answer, since I believe that it is pertinent to the present discussion concerning the decline in the birth-rate among native-Americans. That decline is evident. Vital statistics go far to prove it. Undoubtedly, the Americans of the old stock, the posterity of the pioneers, who, until some sixty years ago, were steadily on the increase, have in little more than half a century begun to show marked evidences of diminution. Until 1840, the growth in population by native reproduction was estimated as seven times greater than the growth by immigration. So sure and rapid was this normally increscent tendency of the people, that Benjamin Franklin considered the fecundity of his nation phenomenal. Thomas Jefferson prophesied that by 1875 the population must number no less than eighty millions; and this estimate was evidently based upon the reproductivity of the people at the conclusion of the Revolutionary War and in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

At that time, without the artificial assistance of immigration, the population of many localities doubled itself in a quarter of a century, and families numbering from eight to twelve children were the rule, and not as to-day the exception. But the native-Americans, it now appears, have not fulfilled Jefferson's prognostication, though by the census of 1900 it is found that we number over 76,000,000 in all. But from these we should deduct more than 34,000,000 of souls before we can arrive at an estimate of the native white increase; 24,060,000, including immigrants or the children of immigrants, do not belong in the grand total, and 10,000,000 again must be excluded as negroes.

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If Thomas Jefferson, therefore, could look over our latest census returns, he would have reason for sentiments of surprise and chagrin. In the old colonial State of Massachusetts, he would find that, of its present 2,805,304 inhabitants, more than half are foreigners or the children of foreign-born parents. In New York city, boasting the greatest urban population in the United States, 76.6 per cent. of its citizens are foreign-born or the children of aliens. Fall River, the American city claiming the highest birth-rate, claims also the greatest number of foreign-born inhabitants; and the census statistics for 1890 give the birth-rate per thousand among foreign-born inhabitants as 38.29, while among the native-born it registers but 26.35.

Guided thus by the most reliable of official statistics, by personal observation and by the pessimistic utterances of serious, patriotic and thoughtful men, could Jefferson or Franklin, if among us to-day, arrive at any other conclusion than that the vitality of the native-Americans is on the decline? Assuming that the next census will show the existence in our States of a population numbering one hundred millions, is there any reason to doubt, with the present tendency to reduction in the native birth-rate, that that population will be even more exotic than that which we now claim? Shall we not, therefore, have good reason to admit, that the best blood of Europe, from which we have so far drawn, has failed to send any strong, sure roots into this soil?

Why this is so, we may seriously and carefully question ourselves. If the racial stamina of the Anglo-Saxon so quickly and markedly declines, what fate is to befall the posterity of the far less admirable type of immigrant now coming from over seas? Will the new arrivals from Southern and Eastern Europe survive, where the Northern and Western European is failing to maintain himself?

I, for one, can see no reason to believe they will. Not so long, at least, as the deleterious influence of our peculiar western civilization continues to disturb and exhaust the reproductive forces and discourage the maternal instincts in the women of the people who seek Americanization.

To speak frankly and to the point, this failure in natural and wholesome increase among our white natives is due to nothing more or less than the over-education and abnormal public activities so ardently encouraged among our women since the close of

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the Civil War. We take too slight an account of this when we wonder uneasily at our inability to plant an individual, self-sustaining, indigenous people in the United States. We forget, or refuse to realize, what is inevitably to follow as the result of a false equality permitted between the sexes; and we have not rightly interpreted or sustained that masculine instinct, old as the race itself, which regards as an unmixed evil any emancipation of the woman that excites her to effort and attainment beyond the bounds of domesticity.

The denial to woman of an equal share in man's intellectual and physical career is not, as the near-sighted advocates of feminine enfranchisement would have us believe, a useless relic of barbarism and savagery. It is not an indication of mere male covetousness, selfishness and blind prejudice, upheld and exercised through ages by force of sheer physical superiority, and serving now as a stumbling-block in the path of beneficent progress. True enough, perhaps, it is a tradition inherited from our barbaric and Asiatic ancestors; nevertheless, it flows from an ancient and profound realization of and respect for an inexorable law of nature—a law that never fails to deprive intellectually developed woman of her fecundity. It flows also from a knowledge, gained through the tragedy of experience, that only in the domestic shelter does civilized humanity find the environment congenial to reproductivity and proper development.

Why this is so, only Nature herself can give us a satisfactory answer. Why, to fulfil her most obvious mission, that of maternity, all the best and freshest forces of the female are required, and why participation in the pleasures and responsibilities, exhilarations and labors of a non-domestic career renders fulfilment of this function repugnant and all but impossible to women, I do not assume here to make clear. It is my intention only to show that it is a fixed law, established for the preservation of human life. It was first outraged, then interpreted and accepted, by wise and patient Asia. Thence we receive our initial record of its operation; and strong historical evidence bears witness to the dire results meted out by avenging Nature to the European nation that attempted to gain a great civilization without duly guarding against the curse of Eve inevitably following upon feminine participation in the life of men.

Reading the third chapter of Genesis aright, is it difficult to

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pierce through its allegorical disguise, and perceive why the Fall was attributed to woman and the forbidden fruit? The legend comes to us from Asia. It is so evidently founded upon a tremendous race tragedy, which once imperilled the existence of the human family and the progress of its evolution out of savagery, that the wonder is we have failed to read it understandingly and take its meaning to heart. Few and simple as are the words of the relation, they show us, with startling severity of outline, the whole race pictured in the persons of one man and one woman. In Eden they stand on the threshold of those new dominions and desires that reveal themselves to humanity at every stage of its higher spiritual development. What else are we reasonably to interpret as the serpent, "more subtle than any beast of the field," but the evil whisper of a false ambition, calling woman away from her appointed and primordial task, to aid at this crisis in a short, swift struggle for the attainment of a dazzling intellectual and material aggrandizement?

But the fruit of knowledge, that talisman which insures the highest human power, when plucked by the feminine hand, proves so grievous an outrage upon the law of orderly and consistent evolution, that it all but destroys the race daring thus to refute Nature's processes and principles. Checked and crippled by this perversion of divinely appointed rules, reeling, in consequent enfeeblement of mind and body, back again well-nigh into the blackness of the savage state, the race, in Asia, was taught under the ban that fell upon it in Eden, to fear all influences that call the female from her normal mission.

In that drama of the Creation, can we fail then to perceive how Asia learned certain lessons and truths concerning the preservation of the human species? Asia populated the world. To-day, should Europe, America and Oceania be robbed of their last inhabitant, she could populate them anew, for the Asiatic refuses all emancipation to his woman.

The laws and religions of that hoary continent lay terrible fetters upon any development of her individuality beyond her home, her wifehood and motherhood. Immured in the zenana, her face covered, her feet crippled, the existence of a soul to save or a brain to educate often denied her; given in marriage in her infancy, enslaved to masculine authority from the hour of her birth and herded in polygamous wedlock, every means has been

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taken to confine the woman to her home and to her natural task. Yet, as we consider intelligently that Continent and her doctrine of female seclusion, we see no more nor less than the primitive but correct instincts of the mighty Queen-bee of the race, guarding with jealous care the fountain-head of civilized human life.

Deeply, indeed, were her age-old convictions fixed in the brains of the first of her children who wandered beyond her borders toward the West. We find the early European clinging desperately to the Asiatic regulations respecting the female career. They were sorely troubled with fears of actual extinction at the necessity of giving women a measure of liberty. Out of the mists which hang about the childhood of the great Dorian and Ionian families, who founded their colonies on the borders of the Black and Mediterranean seas, there echo the legends of the Amazon and the Sauromatæ. These myths are inexplicable only when we lose sight of the fact, that the female warrior merely personified for the early Greek the danger menacing his infant nations through the possible emancipation of the women. The Python and Gorgon were no less dreaded, as devastating evils, than was the Amazonian horde. Such heroes as Hercules and Theseus, Castor and Pollux were called upon to destroy them.

Passing still farther to the West, men lost little by little their Oriental dread of consequences to follow any disturbance of the balance of power between the sexes. Life and its changing conditions required a readjustment and reapportionment of responsibilities between the sexes. The slight enlightenment of the women not only failed to bring about the destruction of the tribe, but was assistant and essential to its advancement. That both Spartan and Athenian fell short of realizing the vast force and widespread influence of the Roman, was due to lack of comprehension of the true power and mission of the woman in the task of empire-building. The ease with which the Roman achieved his supremacy over Greek, savage and barbarian alike was due to the fact, that his civilization had afforded her full opportunities for that high yet normal development through which woman can insure the invincibility of her race.

M. Pellison says:

"Roman law was at first very severe upon the wife. But custom was less rigorous than the law. From the earliest period in Roman history the wife, enthroned near the family hearth, was queen in the

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atrium. Gide, in his study upon the condition of the wife, says: The atrium was not like the gynæceum in a Greek house, a secluded apartment, an upper floor, a hidden and inaccessible retreat. It was the very centre of the Roman house, the common hall where the whole family assembled, where friends and strangers were received. There near the hearth was the altar of the Lares; and around this sanctuary were gathered the most precious and sacred possessions of the family. All these treasures were placed under the guard of the wife. She, as head of the family, offered herself the sacrifices to the Lares. She presided over the domestic labors of the slaves. She directed the education of the children, who, even after they passed out of childhood, continued to submit to her authority. In short, she shared with her husband the administration of the property and the rule of the house.' "*

Thus, in the great days of the republic, the Roman woman stood, to her men and her country, in exactly the same relationship as our pioneer women of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries stood to the men who were engaged in founding this Republic of the West. Her crown of distinction was her pure wifehood and motherhood. Lucretia, Virginia, Cornelia and Veturia were no less invaluably ennobling in the ideals they personified, no less indicative of the majesty and character of Rome, than were Horatius and Regulus, Cincinnatus and Brutus. The vigor and value of the Roman matron were made evident in her sons. To mother great men was her highest distinction. Hannibal was overcome, and Rome became the dictator of the world, by virtue of the fact that the Roman woman of the Republic was the finest flower of femininity produced by any civilization preceding the Christian era.

She proved that men are what their mothers make them, and that the woman within her home, and busied with the care of children there, fulfils three offices of such supreme importance that only so long as she does fulfil them can any state of society remain pure and permanent. There only does she find the environment required for the upbringing of a powerful progeny, that insures continuance of a national type and its finest traditions. There she and her children supply to the man that object in which, while laboring to afford them protection and support, he centres all his racial pride, his sanest ambition and his truest patriotism. There also, mindful of the family cohesion and privacy, and the serenity of its moral as well as physical health,

* "Roman Life in Pliny's Time."

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she serves as the great bow-anchor of conservatism, which maintains the cleanliness and steadiness of the social state.

Thus and only thus, through her motherhood and her domesticity, does woman safeguard the whole nation, its ideals and its social organization. Then and only then, is she absolutely on a plane of equality with the man. Without her motherhood and the privileges and privacies and securities of the home life to exact in behalf of herself and her young, she has nothing of importance to contribute to the work of human elevation. Indeed, after a certain point, the non-domestic and childless woman is a menace to social purity and to national stability. The brilliant, graceful, cultured, ambitious and wholly untrammelled lady of the moribund Roman Republic and the short-lived Roman Empire lived to illustrate and substantiate this distressing fact.

Her emancipation came when her race forgot the old curse laid upon Eve. In his lust for rapidly gained wealth and swiftly acquired empire, the Roman failed to perceive that, by filling the house with slaves and luxury, he committed the self-destroying crime of denying to his women their home-compelling avocations. At this point, he was forced to give them a share in the non-domestic life, or to follow the example of the luxurious and slave-loving Asiatic and immure the idle womankind in the seraglio.

Deprived of her dignity and importance, through loss of occupation in her house, it is no wonder that the woman of Rome turned instinctively to the development of her intellectual forces. It was the one field which offered her an ostensibly useful exercise of her energies. It was also the easiest and most agreeable means of arriving at companionship with man, and a resumption of her share of responsibility in national affairs. And the fruit of the tree of knowledge was not denied her. The gates to learning stood wide, and men encouraged her to take as full possession of its treasures as she liked. They were charmed by her wonderful adaptability and by the false splendor her culture shed on Roman life, and we read with amazement of the liberty and enlightenment she claimed as her right—of Cicero's Tullia trained by him in philosophy, and of Hortensia so skilled in oratory that her father boasted she argued an important case better than a good advocate. It was the golden age of learning and liberty among women. If these two great instruments when placed in the hands of women are assistants to the upward, onward march of

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a race, and are safeguards of its stability and integrity, then surely these women of Rome should have played some honorable part in the story of the Empire: they should have done somewhat to exalt its ideals, modify its brutality, cleanse its morals and stay its decay. In vain we search for evidences of their attempts at assuming this beneficent rôle in the unbalanced and libertine society where they freely wedded and divorced, speculated with their own fortunes, and strove for political power. Says Mommsen, with reference to the social evils which rankly flourished at the time of Cæsar's dictatorship:

"An equally characteristic feature in the brilliant decay of this period was the emancipation of women. . . . But it was not merely from the guardianship of father or husband that women felt themselves emancipated. . . . They also acted as politicians, appeared in party conferences, and took part with their money and their intrigues in the wild coterie-doings of the time."

From the date of this emancipation, we begin to mark the rapid degeneration of Roman life and of the Roman type. "Morals," says de Tocqueville, "are the work of women. Consequently, whatever affects the condition of women, their habits and their opinions, has great political importance in my eyes." The sound logic of this reasoning is made most evident by the state of Roman society in that period when its women had secured their legal and social equality with men.

"There was no more seclusion for women. They became acquainted with life, tasted its charms, but, unfortunately, found pleasure in its intrigues."* Divorce was granted very easily. Seneca speaks of ladies who reckoned years by husbands and not by consulships. Juvenal, in one of his satires, laughs grimly at one woman who was wedded and divorced eight times in twelve months. In consequence, as there were few or no children to claim or to secure the common interests of the wedded couples, wifehood was unguarded and motherhood was considered a grievous imposition. The family in the time of Julius Cæsar had dwindled to less than reproduction of the parents. Men were forced to seek heirs by adoption, since their wives produced no sons to continue the noble or royal names.

* "Roman Life in Pliny's Time."—M. Pellison.

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Again we quote from Mommsen:

"Celibacy and childlessness became more and more common, especially among the upper classes. While, among these, marriage had for long been regarded as a burden which people took upon themselves, at the best, in the public interest, we now encounter, even in Cato and those who shared Cato's sentiments, the maxim to which Polybius a century before traced the decay of Hellas, that it is the duty of a citizen to keep great wealth together, and, therefore, not to beget too many children. Where were the times when the designation 'child-producer' (*proletarius*) had been a term of honor for the Romans? In consequence of such a social condition, the Latin stock in Italy underwent an alarming diminution, and its fair provinces were overspread partly by parasitic immigrants, partly by sheer desolation."*

Julius Cæsar himself realized and attempted to check this decline of his race; and Augustus enforced the celebrated Julian and Poppæan laws directed against celibates and childless persons. Laws, however, are futile to stay such decay as had attacked the Latins; and, long before the barbarians came to possess the Imperial City, the true Roman blood and type were extinct. Eloquently and painfully significant is it of the slough of immorality into which Rome had sunk, and by which eventually she died, that women of noble and ignoble degree intrigued and fought for place and power about that bloody Roman throne, and that, of the many empresses who sat thereon, not one is now remembered save for her crimes and debaucheries.

When the Empire fell at last, we witness a blight descending upon civilization, not unlike that which ages before drove the man and woman out of Eden. In spite of the privileges so recently accorded to her sex under the Roman law, the woman of Europe appeared to have feared or forgotten them. Eve-like, she returned to meek acceptance of and subjection to the consequences of the old curse. In sorrow she resumed her task of bringing forth children, her desire was to her husband, and he ruled over her. That without demur she returned so humbly to a sober and diligent fulfilment of her ancient and important duties is inexplicable almost, until we realize how wise, with a wisdom indeed divine and supernatural, were the preachers of the story of the birth of Christ during the period following the fall of Rome.

The disease in that civilization, the poison of that example,

* "The History of Rome."

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might have infected and fatally injured her conquerors, had not the inspired relation of the Nativity made so powerful an appeal to European imagination. Here was a new ideal, by the light of which men and women began to find again the rock on which is founded all true racial morals, racial strength and racial hopes, the worship and protection of pure motherhood. The story of Christ's Advent set a halo of bright and touching beauty about the rôle of maternity. Men for the first time were called upon to revere their Deity as a helpless babe set in the midst of a lowly family life. Art and story pictured him most adorably, most convincingly, as an infant in the arms of his mother; and, indeed, it is the tender child on Mary's bosom, and not the haggard man and martyr upon the tree, who most truly redeemed Europe.

Motherhood thereafter was invested with a holy dignity. The least peasant woman in her maternity rejoiced to follow the worthy and uplifting example of the Madonna, which glows in splendid and startling contrast to the abuse, the degradation of the woman's mighty instinct and duty under the Roman Empire.

With the rise of this new ideal and the re-establishment of woman upon her true throne of equality and in her sphere of natural power, man labored again, Adam-like, by the sweat of his brow, to maintain the organization of the family and afford privacy and protection to the wife and mother in her own home. The shifting peoples of Europe were thus enabled to settle down, to strike root deeply into the soil, to aim at a surer civilization than that of Rome, and to develop a more powerful, and yet only slightly less prolific, type than that which Asia has produced.

Thus, through the conservation of her women, Europe has achieved her true destiny: for lack of that very precaution we, of the United States, bid fair to dare the fate that overwhelmed the equally ambitious Roman.

We fail or refuse to perceive the violently reactionary influence upon the race of that tendency of our Occidental civilization, which, in withdrawing the woman more and more from her home, tends to destroy the true balance of the physical and moral forces between the sexes.

The most marked and deleterious effect of Americanization upon woman is the false energies and abnormal ambitions it ex-

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cites in her life. Her endeavor is no longer toward the realization and glorification of her sex in its femininity. The education she receives tends to render her either contemptuous of or indifferent to her own peculiar forces and their normal expression. For them, she not only strives, but is encouraged, to substitute an individuality which is purely hybrid and unessential, a grotesque falsetto masculinity.

Yet, for this perversion of her true character and influence, she is no more directly responsible than was the woman of Rome. So long as she found honorable, independent, profitable employment in her domestic environment, she rested there supremely content. Her hopes and dreams, her pride and patriotism and her ambitions were realized in her children.

It was when the greedy current of commercialism tore out of her hands all her home employment, that she followed her tasks to the mills and factories. Then she first began to envy and grasp at the estates and prerogatives of men. As skilled hands are guided best by trained minds, it behooved men to give this willing, cheap, and efficacious feminine labor a fitting education. Forced thus to gain her support outside the home, it is no matter for wonder that she has found it necessary to demand legal and social privileges, property rights and new marriage laws.

So far-reaching and thorough has been her alienation from the true aims of her sex, so complete has been the hasty sacrifice made to the mere temporal and transitory prosperity of this Republic, that we now detect as a consequence certain tendencies to decay gnawing already at the roots of its new civilization.

First, in the diminution of the family; and, again, in the weakening of the marriage tie.

The prodigious increase in divorces among Americans of every class and religion is, perhaps, the most serious menace to the moral and physical stability of our race, that has resulted from the non-domestic avocations of the average woman.

By the last census, the increase in divorce is estimated as two and one half times greater than the increase in population. In the Western Reserve of Ohio, there is one divorce to every eleven marriages. For so appalling a social condition as this, we find no parallel save in the empire of the Romans. There " the law of divorce became more widely extended and more frequently resorted to, and nothing tended more to sap the morals of the

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Romans than the laxity which was thus introduced into the holiest and most delicate of all human relations."*

Vain and empty have been proven the hope and faith that from the highly educated mother profound advantages must accrue to the nation, in the consequently superior mental equipment of her child. The highly educated woman avoids or is incapable of maternity. The exhilaration of monetary profit in exchange for her physical and mental toil, and the pursuit of her purely selfish pleasure or fortune, lure her from the self-sacrifice of maternity and the restraints of wedded life. Or, when wedded, she brings forth few or no children.

Always, among our upper and middle classes, where the daughters and wives enjoy the broadest and most varied mental culture, and where their avocations are semi-masculine by choice, flourish that blight and dry rot of the race, numerical decline. On the superior vitality of the well-nigh illiterate European peasant woman do we now depend largely for the maintenance of our population. On her we shall depend more and more, as time and the pressure brought to bear upon the native-American woman widen the field of her own non-domestic interests.

Great as we appear in our wealth and strength, should Europe cease to nourish us with the warm blood of her vast maternity, who can doubt that we would fall an easy prey to the constitutional fragility and consequent vice that destroyed the ill-balanced and defemininized Roman Empire?

As a nation, we now stand most in need of a re-elevation and rejuvenescence of the precious and powerful motherhood ideal. This, and not new incentives to the spread of education or expansion of the spheres of public activities and influence among our women, is required to produce a permanent and powerful race of our own soil; a true autochthon, a stable, homogeneous and more noble type than Europe has yet created, and which as yet we only fondly imagine we see in the American of to-day. Wide as is the gulf which separates us from the East, the hand of Nature is still heavy upon us. Not yet, even in America, will she permit Eve to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and at the same time allow the race to escape eviction from this latest Eden of mankind, this fair garden of ours, planted in the western world.

MARGARET BISLAND.

* "A General History of Rome."—Merivale.

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ODYSSEUS AND CALYPSO.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

BY RICHARD ARTHUR.

PERSONS.

ODYSSEUS. CALYPSO. HERMES.

CHLORIS AND DAPHNE *(Calypso's nymphs)*.

SCENE.

A stretch of beach in a wooded bay on Calypso's island of Ogygia; rocks; a grotto.

It is evening. Odysseus stands against a rock, hailing with outstretched hands the sinking sun.

Odysseus. O Sun! O thou great animating soul!
O eye-light and O heart-heat of the world!
All down the golden West thou glowest now,
Even on my dear land; thy living beams
Kiss the chaste lips and brow and eyes and hair
Of my Penelope, and cheer the blood
Of young Telemachus—no more a babe,
But very man, though these fond father's eyes
See him an infant still.

(Calypso, Chloris and Daphne come walking along the beach and stop a little distance behind Odysseus.)

Great Helios,
Shine in their hearts and nurture courage there,
For fate hath surely dealt them many woes.
O Sun, I worship thee! but when I heed

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How thou dost count Time's stalking steps, the days,
And evermore abet his ruthless feet
To spurn man's little span of life away,
"My soul cries, "Halt! Account the days we live
With all the power of all our many parts,
But reckon not those empty minutes, months,
Years in which half our being lies asleep."

(The Sun disappears.)

Gone! Gone! And even as the radiant skies,
Void of thy beams, evolve the gloom of night,
So here my spirit, reft of all the love
That shone upon it in mine island-home,
Breeds daily sorrow.

(He turns from the West and leans his brow on the rock. Calypso advances toward him, then recedes.)

Calypso. Chloris, Daphne, mark,
Mark how his great indomitable soul,
Which I, a goddess school'd in subtleties,
Cannot incline toward me, bends and sways
To Melancholy's will. Jealous am I,
Jealous of all can touch and move him so.
Go, Chloris, seek thy lute, and through its chords
Thrill thy young fervid soul into his ear,
And chase this mistress from his spirit forth,
Smoothing his mood, for I will woo him now
Past mortal man's withstanding.

(Chloris enters the grotto.)

Every wile
Nymph or immortal maiden knows to use
Have I assail'd him with—and all in vain;
But never have I wielded yet the power—
Wherewith Olympus hath invested me—
To gift with everduring life and youth
Whomso I will. These shall I promise him,
Aye, and endue him with; for in my breast
He hath evoked love's last intensity.
Come then, my Daphne, braid my tresses up,
Anoint me with ambrosial-odor'd charms,
And vest my beauty in the fairest stole
Thy deftness e'er devised. Soft, Daphne, come!

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(Calypso and Daphne enter the grotto. Chloris returns with a lute. She steals close to Odysseus, sits on the sand and sings.)

Chloris. The shadows fall:
The Sun has rein'd his steeds adown the West
And plunged them in the wave to bathe and rest:
Night governs all.

O happy day,
So full of joy serene and pure delight!
Why yieldest thou unto the rayless night
Thy realm and sway?

O peaceful night,
Thy mystic darkness o'er the world outroll!
Sweet thou art, too, and dear unto my soul
As noon and light.

O rest and strife!
O youth and love! O Earth and Sun and Moon!
O throb and thrill of being, night and noon!
O joy of life!

Odysseus. Come hither, maid; thy music speaks to me,
Soothes me, drives out the discord from my soul,
And draws me to thee, who art mortal, too.
Thou sing'st of joy; art thou as happy as
Thy happy song?

Chloris. Aye, happier than a song
Utter'd of human lips could ever say—
Or were, did I not see thee bow'd in grief,
Which makes me heavy too. *(She weeps silently.)*

Odysseus (caressing her hand). My gentle child!

Chloris. Odysseus, tell me all the secret woe
Thou lockest ever in thy silent lips.

Odysseus. My chiefest woe is that I mark my woe:
Time was when ills could scathe me, flesh and bone,
Fell all my body; but my spirit still
Stood up and mock'd at them, that now lies prone
Beneath the stroke of grief.

Chloris. Why grievest thou?
Art thou not cherish'd, honor'd and obey'd?

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Exempt from strife and hate and every bane
That frets men's days away? Art thou not loved,
And by a goddess kind and good as fair?
What wouldst thou more? Speak and it shall be thine.

Odysseus. Chloris, sweet child, I had a spouse and son,
And native fields and hills and woods and streams,
And I was king and loved my people well:
These my soul lacks.

Chloris. This fairest of all isles
Shall call thee king, and thou shalt wed its queen,
Divine Calypso, who will gender thee
A race of noble god-men for thy sons.

Odysseus (sighing). Ah, pretty one! wilt thou too weary me?
Go now, and leave me to my grief and gloom.

Chloris. Odysseus, nay: but quit this slumbering world
And banquet with Calypso in her grot,
Where all is light and life.

Odysseus. Fair child, away!

(He leans his brow on the rock again. Calypso re-enters: she signs to Chloris to go into the grotto.)

Calypso. Odysseus!

(A pause.)

Speak Odysseus.

Odysseus. Goddess?

Calypso. Why,
O why wilt thou forever chafe and mourn
And bruise thy brow against the rock of Fate
The deathless gods have set inviolable,
And gall thy life with sorrow and regret,
When, wouldst thou only open wide thy heart
And welcome in the joy that knocks at it,
Thy soul would lose these humors, and thy days
Flow sweet and lucid as a summer rill?

Odysseus. To join the ocean of eternity!
To which all time is but a summer rill:

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And unto time the petty life of man
Is but a bubble in the summer rill:
And here my bubble fast evaporates,
Suck'd up in wasting heats and barren sighs.
So do I groan. O goddess, we poor men
Have but brief breath: and if we breathe it ill,
And work but half the purpose born in us,
Better we had not been—were yet to be:
For when our destined course of days is run,
Howe'er our feet have borne us o'er the path,
In sturdy, stumbling, fleeting, tardy wise;
Whether our eyes have sought one steadfast goal,
Or glanced aside or hindward all the way;
Whether we've stood erect on rugged steeps,
Or slipt and smirch'd ourselves in mud and mire;
Whether we've lost or won the envied prize;
We may not ever tread life's track again—
Others, perchance, but this one never more.
And therefore am I sad and comfortless,
I, who have head and hands that crave employ,
Pillow'd and lullabied in idleness,
A sheathèd sword eating its own keen edge
That use had whetted still!—I might have smooth'd
Life's path for two loved mortals, haply more,
And roll'd a rock from off the world's rough road,
Or bridged a chasm o'er, that those to come,
When I have pass'd, might walk with firmer feet;
I might have rear'd a manly monument,
And on it men in after times had gazed,
Nerving their force to emulative acts.
O nymph! could mortals strive against the word
Of the deathless powers, the grief that rends me now
Had never been: this will, these iron hands
Had used in deeds the stuff grief feeds upon.
When shall I ever do a deed again?
Doing's my meat, danger my salt of life:
I starve in this flush plenty, like a weed
That Nature meant to suck lean sustenance
From out some mountain rock, and chance has set
To wither in a fat-soil'd valley garth.

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Calypso. Ungracious and ungrateful, deaf and blind!
If ever immortal goddess favor'd man
And set him higher than her peace and pride,
I am that goddess and thou art that man,
Have I not proven kind?

Odysseus. Aye, cruelly.

Calypso. Mortal, beware how thou dost rake and rouse
The sleeping embers of a goddess' wrath!
'Tis caustic fuel, like to scorch and sere
The hand that stirs it.

Odysseus (extending his hand). Mine but rusts and rots:
Fire were no further bane.

Calypso. Foolhardy man!
Anger me not beyond all sufferance,
For there is that in me could conjure up
The fiends of hell to rend thee limb from limb.

Odysseus. Hell could not furnish thee a fouler fiend
Than these that plague and rot my spirit now—
Inaction, grief.

Calypso. My hate would spill thy life:
Grief does not kill.

Odysseus. Goddess, would it did!
For death is nothing; but to watch one's days
Leak through a sieve of long futility—
Ah, that is pain!

Calypso (softening). Thou great soul'd sufferer!
Lift up thy head, lift up thy steadfast eyes,
Nor think that I, Calypso, have a will
To work thy spirit evil: that to do
Were but to torture all my sentient self,
Who love thee as no mortal ever loved.
Be sooth'd, for I will dissipate thy grief,
Even to-night.

Odysseus. What! thou wilt set me free?
Give me a hollow ship and shining oars,
And suffer me to fare across the sea
To Ithaca?

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Calypso. No ship, Odysseus mine,
Hath ever grated keel on these bright sands:
Nor could I, mighty goddess though I be,
And were I fain to speed thee as to keep,
Grant thee to part from hence; for here the gods
Have set and hold thee till their pleasure change.

Odysseus. Then wherefore waken drowsing hope in me?
To sport with it?

Calypso. Wilt thou forever deem
Me false and baleful, and my utter'd word
All that my purposed deed means not to be?

Odysseus. A noble thought, a generous intent
Seems to shine forth of thee: what may it mean?

Calypso. Thou knowest that I love thee.

Odysseus. Prove thy love
By brave renouncement of its object, now,
And let me fare across the desert deep.

Calypso. This power, beloved, is not mine to use.
Nor even were I thy gaoler, could I break
Thy prison-portal; for to part with thee
And never look upon thy form again,
Nor hear thy voice, nor feel thy presence near,
Were pain eternal. *(She weeps.)*

Odysseus. Weep not, I entreat:
Deep is thy love, and so I pity thee,
And will not chide thee more.

Calypso. Indeed, dear one,
I have no force to free thee. Yet I can,
And will—defying all that may ensue—
Render thy bondage freër than a world
Of that strait serfdom men call liberty.—
It is thy chiefest fret that mortal life
Is but a minute?

Odysseus. Half that minute waste.

Calypso. Yield me thy love and I will dower thee—
Yea, though the wrathful gods should damn me for it—
With everlasting life.

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Odysseus. Nay, goddess, nay.

Calypso (urging). Eternal life and youth.

Odysseus (meditating). Eternal life!
Eternal youth!

Calypso. Yield, yield and these are thine.
Age shall not bleach thy locks, nor plough thy brow,
Nor stoop thy form, nor dim thy fervid eye,
Nor desiccate the vigor of thy veins,
Nor raze the builded structure of thy mind,
Nor ruinate thy mighty, manly heart.
Yield me thy love and take this gift of gifts.

(A pause.)

What, wilt thou suffer death to lay thee low,
Sweep thee from off the bounteous, beauteous Earth,
Annihilate thee, body, mind and soul,
And heap such deep oblivion on thy name
That men shall know not thou didst ever breathe?
And this when everduring youth is thine
For one sole word.

Odysseus (meditating as before). Nor dim my fervid eye,
Nor desiccate the vigor of my veins,
Nor raze the builded structure of my mind!

Calypso. Snatch, snatch! No second time doth such fair fruit
Hang in men's palms and bid their fingers close:
Clutch, ere the moment pass.

Odysseus (still meditating). Death lay me low!
Sweep me from off the bounteous, beauteous Earth!
Annihilate me, body, mind and soul!

Calypso. Not this for thee, but everlasting power
To think and know, and see and feel and do.

Odysseus (still meditating). To think and know and see and feel and do!

Calypso. To know the joy of life purged of the pain
Of knowing it ephemeral; to feel
How free the soul can be, explore what space
Thought has to wing in when the bourn of time

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Is rent away: to see the universe,
Not through the peephole of a mortal eye,
But with the cosmic vision of the sun;
And do whatever deeds are dear to thee,
Regardless of the flight of days and years.

(A pause, during which Odysseus shows outward signs of an inward struggle.)

Such power do I bestow on thee and seal
The gift with this embrace.

Odysseus. Out, temptress, out!
I spurn thy gift. Hence, hence, away, away!

(Calypso recedes dismayed. Enter Hermes: he watches, unobserved.)

Forgive me if I spake with hasty spleen:
Gracious thine offer was: great Zeus himself
And all the Olympian gods could give no more:
But meeter 'tis I keep my mortal state
Wherein the Destinies have moulded me:
And if my life be transient, shall I grieve,
Who did not fashion it? And if it be
Barren of any good thing thought or done,
Shall I impeach and scourge my soul, whose will
Wrought not mine impotence? No, no, enough
If I perform the measure of my might
And live my little life well as I may.
And so I bow to heaven and endure
Whatever lot the gods may render me.—
O goddess, wear not such a darksome mien:
Give not thine anger license, I beseech;
For mine was not the breeding of this pain.
If thou dost love me as thine acts aver,
Let not frustration gall thy love to hate.—
There be among us mortals, goddess, men
And women whose affections are so pure,
So holy and so strong that they eschew
Communion with the loved one out of fear
To work him pain. Shall thy divine love sit
Beneath such human nobleness of heart? *(Calypso weeps.)*

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Weep, weep, 'tis well, weep out thy spirit's ache:
For me, I go to seek a cave apart,
Away from this thy grot: there shall I dwell
Heaving huge rocks and rooting up stout pines
To build a mighty palace; then unbuild
And build again, ev'n till the deathless gods
Grant me to fare again to mine own land
Across the sea: and though my work procure
Nor weal nor pleasure unto any man,
'Twill spend the force that riots in my limbs
And maddens me, 'twill ward me from the fiend
Of indolence. Calypso, fare thee well!

(Odysseus walks away. Hermes casts a spell over him, forcing him to stop. He leans his head against a rock a short distance away. Calypso remains motionless and mute.)

Hermes (touching Calypso's shoulder). Wherefore, O goddess, weepest thou these tears?

Calypso (turning angrily). What mortal questions me?

Hermes. No mortal, nymph.

Calypso. Hermes! Ambassador of Heaven, thou!

Hermes. Ev'n I, Calypso, come to do the will
Of Zeus and of Athene. Here thou hold'st
The noble-soul'd Odysseus, first of men.

Calypso. The gods themselves set him upon this isle,
Made him my subject.

Hermes. Aye, for certain years:
But now the wrath that he in Heaven stirr'd,
Slaying the Cyclop, is defunct, and ruth
Grows in Athene's mighty heart to see
The noblest man of men thus languishing:
She, prompting Zeus, her all-imperial sire,
Moves him to call the gods in council: they,
Won by her ardent eloquence, decree
Odysseus be deliver'd from the ban
That chains him here.

Calypso. Never shall he depart:
My subject, mine forever!

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Hermes. Nymph divine,
Thou knowest well thy word cannot prevail
Against Olympus' will.

Calypso. Alas, alas!
O hard, hard gods and jealous! Still ye grudge
Immortal nymphs should cherish mortal men,
And visit her who favors any such
With grievous suffering.

Hermes. Peace, Calypso, peace!
Thou shalt have boundless other scope. But now,
Hear Heaven's decree. Odysseus shall be freed;
Yet he shall have no speedy, curvèd ship,
Nor men to grip the wave with lusty oar:
For still our mighty master of the sea,
Is wroth with this stout mortal and ordains
That he shall know new trials of wind and wave,
With nought to hold him from the yawning gulf
But what his own unaided hands devise:
And he shall suffer dire and many woes
Or ere he gain at last his native land.

Calypso. Have ye not meted him enough of woe?
O jealous gods! If any mortal shows
Like you in wisdom, strength and fortitude,
Ye rain down evil on him till he dies.

Hermes. Thou lovest then this man?

Calypso. What were it so?

Hermes. 'Twere but another folly 'neath the skies.
But what care I? See where he comes again,
Drawn by my spell. Farewell, nymph, fare thee well.
(Exit.)

Calypso (meditating). With naught to hold him from the yawning gulf
But what his own unaided hands devise!
Cruel decree!

Odysseus. Is this some charm of thine,
Calypso, that my members mutiny
And bear me where I have no will to be?

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Calypso. Odysseus, no. O let me gaze on thee
And print thine image on mine inmost soul
That I may see it there in days to be,
For thee thyself mine eyes shall know no more.
Thou mightst have learnt to love me late or soon,
For my great love had gotten love in thee;
But now the gods have riven thee away,
And all that might have been can never be.

Odysseus. What meanest thou?

Calypso. That thou shalt do the thing
Thou most desirest—fare across the deep
To thy beloved land, and leave me here
Lone and disconsolate.

Odysseus. Is this indeed
That thou hast spoken truth? Wilt thou at last
Unprison me and suffer me to fare
To my beloved land?

Calypso. Not mine the will
That wreck'd thee here those seven years agone;
Not mine the power has held thee captive since;
Not mine the word that liberates thee now.
The gods alone have power over thee:
Moved by Athene's prayers they now relent
Toward thee and have sent the messenger,
Hermes, to bid me free and speed thee hence.

Odysseus. O heaven be praised! Now shall I live again!
Where is my ship, my dear deliverer?
Calypso, thou art built of loveliness,
Sweetness and goodness and whatever else
Hath any virtue: so I'll call my ship
Calypso. O, to move again and work,
To cope with danger and with evil hap,
And rot no more in grief and idleness!
To live! O day of days! O night of nights!
To wander whither I will o'er land and sea
And tread once more mine own dear hills and dales
After these many years! *(He is overcome and weeps.)*

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Calypso (weeping also). Thou weepest joy
And sorrow I: thy gladness is my pain.
But yet, abate thy joy: the ruthless god
Of sea and storm grants thee no other ship
To cross the waste of waters than the raft
Thy hands may fashion, and a world of woe
Shall harry thee or ere thou winnest home.

Odysseus. If so be I may see my land at last,
This nothing the gods give me is enough;
The ills they send me shall not be too much.

Calypso. Thou mighty heart!

Odysseus. And yet I shall not leave
This flowery isle without a dolorous pang.

Calypso. What pang?

Odysseus. The pang, sweet soul, of quitting thee.

Calypso. What sayest thou?

Odysseus. Aye, now may I reveal
What I have ever striven to hide from thee
And half conceal'd from mine own knowledge: know
That I have loved thee well these many years,
Ev'n since I saw thee first.

Calypso. What sayest thou?

Odysseus. How should I not have loved thee, gentle one,
That art compact of so much woman-charm,
Of Venus' fire and Dian's purity,
Of Hebe's grace, Athene's heart and mind,
Inform'd with that intense and limpid flame,
The spirit that is neither hers nor hers,
But only thine? O, I have loved thee, aye.
And it has been a strange, sad, subtle joy
To me, in these my years of banishment
From mine own hearth, to look upon thy form—
Whose wondrous lines are all instinct with soul—
And gaze into thy spirit-flooded eyes,
And drink thy fragrant breath, and through mine ears
Feel flow the mystic music of thy tones
Voicing the understanding of thy mind,

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The wisdom of thy heart, thy sentiments,
Sensations, all thou knowest, feelest, art.
Hapless is he who knows not, in his life,
One perfect woman—perfect unto him:
But O, how much more hapless he to whom
'Tis given to know two perfect; for his heart
Cannot but cleave to both, and loving both
He must do hurt to each, and hurting these
Whom he loves doubly, doubly wound himself.
These thoughts have been the food of half my grief.

Calypso. Ah, but the wounds that love inflicts are dear!
And thou hast loved me, lovest me?

Odysseus. Alas!

Calypso. And yet thy kiss was ever chastely cold
Upon my burning lips!

Odysseus. My reasoning will
Still froze it as it well'd up from my heart.

Calypso. And all my fire could never thaw it again!

Odysseus. But thou hast melted me, melted the rock
That is my nature, till its lava streams
Whelm through my being and nigh wreck my will.
Calypso, I have told thee what 'twere well
Had not been utter'd, shown thee what 'twere best
Thou hadst not look'd upon.

Calypso. Say never so:
Thou lovest me: enough, thou lovest me.
To love is much and much 'tis to be loved,
But to be loved by one we love, ah me!
Is more than much, is all and all in all.
This is the soul's approval of itself,
The warrant that it needs of its own worth.
For if thou whom my heart and judgment love
Judgest me lovable, I love myself—
Though with no mean and petty vanity;
Love nature and the life she put in me;
And all my being is a harmony
Whilst thou art nigh to tune my vibrant soul

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Unto the music of the Universe.
O love, the might have been that cannot be!
Forgive me: see, I tread this weakness down:
O, I am strong, and with my strength will bind
My spirit to thy grateful memory
Through all thy years to be: yea, I will prove
Worthy remembrance. Morn and noon and night
Will I make supplication unto heaven
To guide thee home to thy belovèd land,
Home to thy hearth and to thy people, home
Into the arms of thy Penelope.

Odysseus. Thou noble soul, thou generous heart!

Calypso. No more.
Prepare thee now.

Odysseus. Straight will I build a raft
Of giant boles, and it shall carry me
There where I will to be.

Calypso. Aye, ev'n to-morrow
Shalt thou begin to fashion it, and I
Will weave thee sails—weave sails to waft away
All that I love!—and store thy raft with food
And wine to serve thee many stormy days:
And thou shalt witness if Calypso's love
Can soar to human heights of fortitude.
O, would that I were mortal, that the pain
Thine absence from mine everlasting life
Will gender in my bosom evermore
Might, too, be mortal, that the awful void
This tearing of thee from my being's core
Will leave in me might close with some kind grave!
Alas, my woe is as my love and life—
Eternal and immutable!

(Calypso, her head bowed, her form convulsed, gropes her way into the grotto. Odysseus gazes after her marvelling, then lifts his eyes up to the heavens and clasps his hands.)

Odysseus. O gods!
O seeming cruel, wanton, pitiless lords,
Forgers inscrutable of human fate!
Weavers of tangled webs of destiny,
O everlasting and almighty powers!

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THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART VII.

XVI.

It was not the first time Strether had sat alone in the great dim church—still less was it the first of his giving himself up, so far as conditions permitted, to its beneficent action on his nerves. He had been to Notre Dame with Waymarsh, he had been there with Miss Gostrey, he had been there with Chad Newsome, and had found the place, even in company, such a refuge from the obsession of his problem that, with renewed pressure from that source, he had not unnaturally recurred to a remedy that seemed so, for the moment, to meet the case. He was conscious enough that it was only for the moment, but good moments—if he could call them good—still had their value for a man who, by this time, struck himself as living almost disgracefully from hand to mouth. Having so well learnt the way, he had lately made the pilgrimage more than once by himself—had quite stolen off, taking an unnoticed chance and making no point of speaking of the adventure when restored to his friends.

His great friend, for that matter, was still absent, as well as remarkably silent; even at the end of three weeks Miss Gostrey had not come back. She wrote to him from Mentone, admitting that he must judge her grossly inconsequent—perhaps, in fact, for the time, odiously faithless; but asking for patience, for a deferred sentence, throwing herself, in short, on his generosity. For her too, she could assure him, life was complicated—more complicated than he could have guessed; she had moreover made certain of him—certain of not wholly missing him on her return—before her disappearance. If furthermore she didn't burden him with letters it was frankly because of her sense of the other great commerce he had to carry on. He himself, at the end of a fortnight, had written twice, to show how his generosity could be trusted; but he reminded himself in each case of Mrs. Newsome's epistolary manner at the times when Mrs. Newsome kept off delicate ground. He sank his problem, he talked of Waymarsh and Miss Barrace,

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of little Bilham and the set over the river, with whom he had again had tea, and he was easy, for convenience, about Chad and Mme. de Vionnet and Jeanne. He admitted that he continued to see them, he was, decidedly, so confirmed a haunter of Chad's premises, and that young man's practical intimacy with them was so undeniably great; but he had his reason for not attempting to render for Miss Gostrey's benefit the impression of these last days. That would be to tell her too much about himself—it being at present just from himself that he was trying to escape.

This small struggle sprang not a little, in its way, from the same impulse that had now carried him across to Notre Dame; the impulse to let things be, to give them time to justify themselves or at least to pass. He was aware of having no errand in such a place but the desire not to be, for the hour, in certain other places; a sense of safety, of simplification, which, each time he yielded to it, he amused himself by thinking of as a private concession to cowardice. The great church had no altar for his worship, no direct voice for his soul; but it was none the less soothing even to sanctity; for he could feel while there what he couldn't elsewhere, that he was a plain tired man taking the holiday he had earned. He was tired, but he wasn't plain—that was the pity and the trouble of it; he was able, however, to drop his problem at the door very much as if it had been the copper piece that he deposited, on the threshold, in the receptacle of the inveterate blind beggar. He trod the long, dim nave, sat in the splendid choir, paused before the clustered chapels of the east end, and the mighty monument laid upon him its spell. He might have been a student under the charm of a museum—which was exactly what, in a foreign town, in the afternoon of life, he would have liked to be free to be. This form of sacrifice, at any rate, did, for the occasion, as well as another; it made him quite sufficiently understand how, within the precinct, for the real refugee, the things of the world could fall into abeyance. That was the cowardice, probably—to dodge them, to beg the question, not to deal with it in the hard outer light; but his own oblivions were too brief, too vain, to hurt any one but himself, and he had a vague and fanciful kindness for certain persons whom he met, figures of mystery and anxiety, and whom, with observation for his pastime, he ranked as those who were fleeing from justice. Justice was outside, in the hard light, and injustice too; but one was as absent as the other from the air of the long aisles and the brightness of the many altars.

Thus it was, at all events, that, one morning some dozen days after the dinner in the Boulevard Malesherbes at which Mme. de Vionnet had been present with her daughter, he was called upon to play his part in an encounter that deeply stirred his imagination. He had the habit, in these contemplations, of watching a fellow-visitant, here and there, from a respectable distance, remarking some note of behavior, of penitence, of prostration, of the absolved,

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relieved state; this was the manner in which his vague tenderness took its course, the degree of demonstration to which, naturally, it had to confine itself. It had not, indeed, so felt its responsibility as when, on this occasion, he suddenly measured the suggestive effect of a lady whose supreme stillness, in the shade of one of the chapels, he had two or three times noticed as he made, and made once more, his slow circuit. She was not prostrate—not in any degree bowed, but she was strangely fixed, and her prolonged immobility showed her, while he passed and paused, as wholly given up to the need, whatever it was, that had brought her there. She only sat and gazed before her, as he himself often sat; but she had placed herself, as he never did, within the focus of the shrine, and she had lost herself, he could easily see, as he would only have liked to do. She was not a wandering alien, keeping back more than she gave, but one of the familiar, the intimate, the fortunate, for whom these dealings had a method and a meaning. She reminded our friend—since it was the way of nine-tenths of his current impressions to act as recalls of things imagined—of some fine, firm, concentrated heroine of an old story, something he had heard, read, something that, had he had a hand for drama, he might himself have written, renewing her courage, renewing her clearness, in splendidly-protected meditation. Her back, as she sat, was turned to him, but his impression absolutely required that she should be young and interesting, and she carried her head, moreover, even in the sacred shade, with a discernible faith in herself, a kind of implied conviction of consistency, security, impunity. But what had such a woman come for if she hadn't come to pray? Strether's reading of such matters was, it must be owned, confused; but he wondered if her attitude were some congruous fruit of absolution, of "indulgence." He knew but dimly what indulgence, in such a place, might mean; yet he had, as with a soft sweep, a vision of how it might indeed add to the zest of active rites. All this was a good deal to have been denoted by a mere lurking figure who was nothing to him; but, the last thing before leaving the church, he had the surprise of a still deeper quickening.

He had dropped upon a seat half-way down the nave and, again in the museum mood, was trying with head thrown back and eyes aloft, to reconstitute a past, to reduce it in fact to the convenient terms of Victor Hugo, whom, a few days before, giving the rein for once in a way to the joy of life, he had purchased in seventy bound volumes, a miracle of cheapness, parted with, he was assured by the shopman, at the price of the red-and-gold alone. He looked, doubtless, while he played his eternal nippers over Gothic glooms, sufficiently rapt in reverence; but what his thought had finally bumped against was the question of where, among packed accumulations, so multiform a wedge would be able to enter. Were seventy volumes in red-and-gold to be perhaps what he should most substantially have to show at Woollett as the fruit of his mission? It

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was a possibility that held him a minute—held him till he happened to feel that some one, unnoticed, had approached him and paused. Turning, he saw that a lady stood there as for a greeting, and he sprang up as he next perceived that the lady was Mme. de Vionnet, who appeared to have recognized him as she passed near him on her way to the door. She checked, quickly and gayly, a certain confusion in him, came to meet it, turned it back, by an art of her own; the confusion threatened him as he knew her for the person he had lately been observing. She was the lurking figure of the dim chapel; she had occupied him more than she guessed; but it came to him in time, luckily, that he needn't tell her and that no harm, after all, had been done. She herself, for that matter, straightway showed that she felt their encounter as the happiest of accidents—had for him a "You come here too?" that despoiled surprise of every awkwardness.

"I come often," she said; "I love this place; but I'm terrible, in general, for churches. The old women who live in them all know me; in fact I'm already myself one of the old women. It's like that, at all events, that I foresee I shall end." Looking about for a chair, so that he instantly pulled one nearer, she sat down with him again to the sound of an "Oh, I like so much your also being fond—!"

He confessed the extent of his feeling, though she left the object vague; and he was struck with the tact, the taste of her vagueness, which simply took for granted in him a sense of beautiful things. He was conscious of how much it was affected, this sense, by something subdued and discreet in the way she had arranged herself for her special object and her morning walk—he believed her to have come on foot; the way her slightly thicker veil was drawn—a mere touch, but everything; the composed gravity of her dress, in which, here and there, a dull wine-color seemed to gleam faintly through black; the charming discretion of her small, compact head; the quiet note, as she sat, of her folded, gray-gloved hands. It was, to Strether's mind, as if she sat on her own ground, the light honors of which, at an open gate, she thus easily did him, while all the vastness and mystery of the property stretched off behind. When people were so completely in possession they could be extraordinarily civil; and our friend indeed, at this hour, had a kind of revelation of her heritage. She was romantic for him far beyond what she could have guessed, and again he found his small comfort in the conviction that, subtle though she were, his impression must remain a secret from her. The thing that, once more, made him uneasy for secrets in general was this particular patience she could have with his own want of color; albeit that, on the other hand, his uneasiness pretty well dropped after he had been for ten minutes as colorless as possible and at the same time as responsive.

The moments had already, for that matter, drawn their deepest

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tinge from the special interest excited in him by his vision of his companion's identity with the person whose attitude before the glimmering altar had so impressed him. This attitude fitted admirably into the stand he had privately taken about her connection with Chad on the last occasion of his seeing them together. It helped him to stick fast at the point he had then reached; it was there, he had resolved, that he *would* stick, and at no moment since had it seemed as easy to do so. Unassailably innocent was a relation that could make one of the parties to it so carry herself. If it wasn't innocent why did she haunt the churches?—into which, given the woman he could believe he made out, she would never have come to flaunt an insolence of guilt. She haunted them for continued help, for strength, for peace—sublime support which, if one were able to look at it so, she found from day to day. They talked, in low, easy tones and with lifted, lingering looks, about the great monument and its history and its beauty—all of which, Mme. de Vionnet professed, came to her most in the other, the outer view. "We'll presently, after we go," she said, "walk round it again if you like. I'm not in a particular hurry, and it will be pleasant to look at it again with you." He had spoken of the great romancer and the great romance, and of what, to his imagination, they had done for the whole, mentioning to her moreover the exorbitance of his purchase, the seventy blazing volumes that were so out of proportion.

"Out of proportion to what?"

"Well, to any other plunge." Yet he felt even as he spoke how at that instant he was plunging. He had made up his mind and was impatient to get into the air; for his purpose was a purpose to be uttered outside, and he had a fear that it might with delay still slip away from him. She, however, took her time; she drew out their quiet gossip as if she had wished to profit by their meeting, and that, precisely, confirmed an interpretation of her manner, of her mystery. While she rose, as he would have called it, to the question of Victor Hugo, her voice itself, the light, low quaver of her deference to the solemnity about them, seemed to make her words mean something that they didn't mean openly. Help, strength, peace, a sublime support—she had not found so much of these things as that the amount wouldn't be sensibly greater for any scrap his appearance of faith in her might enable her to feel in her hand. Every little, in a long strain, helped, and if he happened to affect her as a firm object she could hold on by, he wouldn't jerk himself out of her reach. People in difficulties held on by what was nearest, and he was perhaps, after all, not further off than sources of comfort more abstract. It was as to this he had made up his mind; he had made it up, that is, to give her a sign. The sign would be that—though it was her own affair—he understood; the sign would be that—though it was her own affair—she was free to clutch. Since she took him for a firm object—much as he might to

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his own sense appear at times to rock—he would do his best to *be* one.

The end of it was that, half an hour later, they were seated together, for an early luncheon, at a wonderful, a delightful house of entertainment on the left bank—a place of pilgrimage for the knowing, they were both aware, the knowing who came, for its great renown, the homage of restless days, from the other end of the town. Strether had already been there three times—first with Miss Gostrey, then with Chad, then with Chad again and with Waymarsh and little Bilham, all of whom he had himself sagaciously entertained; and his pleasure was deep now on learning that Mme. de Vionnet had not yet been initiated. When he had said, as they strolled round the church, by the river, acting at last on what, within, he had made up his mind to, "Will you, if you have *time, come to déjeuner with me somewhere? For instance, if you* know it, over there on the other side, which is so easy a walk—" and then had named the place; when he had done this she stopped short as for quick intensity, and yet deep difficulty, of response. She took in the proposal as if it were almost too charming to be true; and there had perhaps never yet been for her companion so unexpected a moment of pride—so fine, so odd a case, at any rate, as his finding himself thus able to offer to a person in such universal possession a new, a rare amusement. She had heard of the happy spot, but she asked him in reply to a further question how in the world he could suppose her to have been there. He supposed himself to have supposed that Chad might have taken her, and she guessed this the next moment, to his no small discomfort.

"Ah, let me explain," she smiled, "that I don't go about with him in public; I never have such chances—not having them otherwise—and it's just the sort of thing that, as a quiet creature living in my hole, I adore." It was more than kind of him to have thought of it—though, frankly, if he asked whether she had time, she hadn't a single minute. That, however, made no difference—she would throw everything over. Every duty, at home, domestic, maternal, social, awaited her; but it was a case for a high line. Her affairs would go to smash; but hadn't one a right to one's snatch of scandal when one was prepared to pay? It was on this pleasant basis of costly disorder, consequently, that they eventually seated themselves, on either side of a small table, at a window adjusted to the busy quay and the shining, barge-burdened Seine; where, for an hour, in the matter of letting himself go, of diving deep, Strether was to feel that he had touched bottom. He was to feel many things on this occasion, and one of the first of them was that he had travelled far since that evening, in London, before the theatre, when his dinner with Maria Gostrey, between the pink-shaded candles, had struck him as requiring so many explanations. He had at that time gathered them in, the explanations—he had stored them up; but it was at present as if he had either soared above or sunk below

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them—he couldn't tell which; he could somehow think of none that didn't seem to leave the appearance of collapse and cynicism easier for him than lucidity. How could he wish it to be lucid for others, for any one, that he, for the hour, saw reasons enough in the mere way the bright, clean, ordered water-side life came in at the open window?—the mere way Mme. de Vionnet, opposite him over their intensely white table-linen, their *omelette aux tomates*, their bottle of straw-colored Chablis, thanked him for everything almost with the smile of a child, while her gray eyes moved in and out of their talk, back to the quarter of the warm spring air, in which early summer had already begun to throb, and then back again to his face and their human questions.

Their human questions became many before they had done—many more, as one after the other came up, than our friend's free fancy had at all foreseen. The sense he had had before, the sense he had had repeatedly, the sense that the situation was running away with him, had never been so sharp as now; and all the more that he could perfectly put his finger on the moment it had taken the bit in its teeth. That accident had definitely occurred, the other evening, after Chad's dinner; it had occurred, as he fully knew at the moment when he interposed between this lady and her child, when he suffered himself so to discuss with her a matter closely concerning them that her own subtlety, with its significant "Thank you!" instantly sealed the occasion in her favor. Again he had held off for ten days, but the situation had continued out of hand in spite of that; the fact that it was running so fast being indeed just *why* he had held off. What had come over him as he recognized her in the nave of the church was that holding off could be but a losing game from the instant she was worked for not only by her subtlety, but by the hand of fate itself. If all the accidents were to fight on her side—and by the actual showing they loomed large—he could only give himself up. This was what he had done in privately deciding then and there to propose she should breakfast with him. What did the success of his proposal in fact resemble but the smash in which a regular runaway properly ends? The smash was their walk, their luncheon, their omelette, the Chablis, the place, the view, their present talk and his present pleasure in it—to say nothing, wonder of wonders, of her own. To this tune and nothing less, accordingly, was his surrender made good. It sufficiently lighted up at least the folly of holding off. Ancient proverbs sounded, for his memory, in the tone of their words and the clink of their glasses, in the hum of the town and the plash of the river. It *was* clearly better to suffer as a sheep than as a lamb. One might as well perish by the sword as by famine.

"Maria's still away?"—that was the first thing she had asked him; and when he had found the frankness to be cheerful about it in spite of the meaning he knew her to attach to Miss Gostrey's absence, she had gone on to inquire if he didn't tremendously miss

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her. There were reasons that made him by no means sure, yet he nevertheless answered "Tremendously"; which she took in as if it were all she had wished to prove. Then, "A man in trouble *must* be possessed, somehow, of a woman," she said; "if she doesn't come in one way she comes in another."

"Why do you call me a man in trouble?"

"Ah, because that's the way you strike me." She spoke ever so gently and as if with all fear of wounding him while she sat partaking of his bounty. "*Aren't* you in trouble?"

He felt himself color at the question, and then he hated that—hated to pass for anything so idiotic as woundable. Woundable by Chad's lady, in respect to whom he had come out with such a fund of indifference—was he already at that point? Perversely, meanwhile, however, his pause gave a strange air of truth to her supposition; and what was he in fact but disconcerted at having struck her just in the way he had most dreamed of not doing? "I'm not in trouble yet," he at last smiled. "I'm not in trouble now."

"Well, I'm always so. But that you sufficiently know." She was a woman who, between courses, could be graceful with her elbows on the table. It was a posture unknown to Mrs. Newsome, but it was easy for a *femme du monde*. "Yes—I am 'now'!"

"There was a question you put to me," he presently returned, "the night of Chad's dinner. I didn't answer it then, and it has been very handsome of you not to have sought an occasion for pressing me about it since."

She was instantly all there. "Of course I know what you allude to. I asked you what you had meant by saying, the day you came to see me, just before you left me, that you would save me. And you then said—at our friend's—that you would have really to wait to see, for yourself, what you did mean."

"Yes, I asked for time," said Strether. "And it sounds now, as you put it, like a very ridiculous speech."

"Oh!" she murmured—she was full of attenuation. But she had another thought. "If it does sound ridiculous, why do you deny that you're in trouble?"

"Ah, if I were," he replied, "it wouldn't be the trouble of fearing ridicule. I don't fear it."

"What then do you?"

Nothing—now." And he leaned back in his chair.

I like your 'now'!" she laughed across at him.

Well, it's precisely that it fully comes to me at present that I've kept you long enough. I know by this time, at any rate, what I meant by my speech; and I really knew it the night of Chad's dinner."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Because it was difficult at the moment. I had already at that moment done something for you, in the sense of what I had said

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the day I went to see you; but I wasn't then sure of the importance I might represent this as having."

She was all eagerness. "And you're sure now?"

"Yes; I see that, practically, I've done for you—had done for you when you put me your question—all that it's as yet possible to me to do. I feel now," he went on, "that it may go further than I thought. What I did after my visit to you," he explained, "was to write straight off to Mrs. Newsome about you, and I'm at last, from one day to the other, expecting her answer. It's this answer that will represent, as I believe, the consequences."

Patient and beautiful was her interest. "I see—the consequences of your speaking for me." And she waited, as if not to hustle him.

He acknowledged it by immediately going on. "The question, you understand, was *how* I should save you. Well, I'm trying it by thus letting her know that I consider you worth saving."

"I see—I see." Her eagerness broke through. "How can I thank you enough?" He couldn't tell her that, however, and she quickly pursued: "You do really, for yourself, consider it?"

His only answer at first was to help her to the dish that had been freshly put before them. "I've written to her again since then—I've left her in no doubt of what I think. I've told her all about you."

"Thanks—not so much. 'All about' me," she went on—"yes."

"All it seems to me," said Strether, "you've done for him."

"Ah, and you might have added all it seems to *me!*" She laughed again, while she took up her knife and fork, as in the cheer of these assurances. "But you're not sure how she'll take it."

"No, I'll not pretend I'm sure."

"*Voilà.*" And she waited a moment. "I wish you'd tell me about her."

"Oh," said Strether with a slightly strained smile, "all that need concern you about her is that she's really a grand person."

Mme. de Vionnet seemed to demur. "Is that all that need concern me about her?"

But Strether neglected the question. "Hasn't Chad talked to you?"

"Of his mother? Yes, a great deal—immensely. But not from your point of view."

"He can't," our friend returned, "have said any ill of her."

"Not the least bit. He has given me, like you, the assurance that she's really grand. But her being really grand is somehow just what has not seemed to simplify our case. Nothing," she continued, "is further from me than to wish to say a word against her; but of course I feel how little she can like being told of her owing me anything. No woman ever enjoys such an obligation to another woman."

This was a proposition Strether couldn't contradict. "And yet

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what other way could I have expressed to her what I felt? It's what there was most to say about you."

"Do you mean then that she *will* be good to me?"

"It's what I'm waiting to see. But I've little doubt she would," he added, "if she could comfortably see you."

It seemed to strike her as a happy, a beneficent thought. "Oh then, couldn't that be managed? Wouldn't she come out? Wouldn't she if you so put it to her? *Did* you by any possibility?" she faintly quavered.

"Oh no"—he was prompt. "Not that. It would be, much more, to give an account of you that—since there's no question of *your* paying the visit—I should go home first."

It instantly made her graver. "And are you thinking of that?"

"Oh, all the while, naturally."

"Stay with us—stay with us!" she exclaimed on this. "That's your only way to make sure."

"To make sure of what?"

"Why, that he doesn't break up. You didn't come out to do that to him."

"Doesn't it depend," Strether returned after a moment, "on what you mean by breaking up?"

"Oh, you know well enough what I mean!"

His silence, again, for a little, seemed to denote an understanding. "You take for granted remarkable things."

"Yes, I do—to the extent that I don't take for granted vulgar ones. You're perfectly capable of seeing that what you came out for was not really at all to do what you would now have to do."

"Ah, it's perfectly simple," Strether good-humoredly pleaded. "I've had but one thing to do—to put our case before him. To put it as it could only be put, here, on the spot—by personal pressure. My dear lady," he lucidly pursued, "my work, you see, is really done, and my reasons for staying on even another day are none of the best. Chad's in possession of our case and professes to do it full justice. What remains is with himself. I've had my rest, my amusement and refreshment; I've had, as we say at Woollett, a lovely time. Nothing in it has been more lovely than this happy meeting with you—in these fantastic conditions to which you've so delightfully consented. I've a sense of success. It's what I wanted. My getting all this good is what Chad has waited for, and I gather that if I'm ready to go he's the same."

She shook her head with a finer, deeper wisdom. "You're not ready. If you're ready why did you write to Mrs. Newsome in the sense you've mentioned to me?"

Strether considered. "I sha'n't go before I hear from her. You're too much afraid of her," he added.

It produced between them a long look from which neither shrank. "I don't think you believe that—believe I've not really reason to fear her."

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"She's capable of great generosity," Strether presently declared.

"Well then, let her trust me a little. That's all I ask. Let her recognize, in spite of everything, what I've done."

"Ah, remember," our friend replied, "that she can't effectually recognize it without seeing it for herself. Let Chad go over and show her what you've done, and let him plead with her there for it and, as it were, for *you*."

She measured the depth of this suggestion. "Do you give me your word of honor that if she once has him there she won't do her best to marry him?"

It made her companion, this inquiry, look again a while out at the view; after which he spoke without sharpness. "When she sees for herself what he is—"

But she had already broken in. "It's when she sees for herself what he is that she'll want to marry him most."

Strether's attitude, that of due deference to what she said, permitted him to attend for a minute to his luncheon. "I doubt if that will come off. It won't be easy to make it."

"It will be easy if he remains there—and he'll remain for the money. The money appears to be, as a probability, so hideously much."

"Well," Strether presently concluded, "nothing *could* really hurt you but his marrying."

She gave a strange light laugh. "Putting aside what may really hurt *him*."

But her friend looked at her as if he had thought of that too. "The question will come up, of course, of the future that you yourself offer him."

She was leaning back now, but she fully faced him. "Well, let it come up!"

"The point is that it's for Chad to make of it what he can. His being proof against marriage will show what he does make."

"If he *is* proof, yes"—she accepted the proposition. "But for myself," she added, "the question is what *you* make."

"Ah, I make nothing. It's not my affair."

"I beg your pardon. It's just there that, since you've taken it up and are committed to it, it most intensely becomes yours. You're not saving me, I take it, for your interest in myself, but for your interest in our friend. The one, at any rate, is wholly dependent on the other. You can't in honor not see me through," she wound up, "because you can't in honor not see *him*."

Strange and beautiful to him was her quiet, soft acuteness. The thing that most moved him was really that she was so deeply serious. She had none of the portentous forms of it, but he had never come in contact, it struck him, with a spirit brought to so fine a point. Mrs. Newsome, goodness knew, was serious; but it was nothing to this. He took it all in, he saw it all together. "No," he mused, "I can't in honor not see him."

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Her face affected him as with an exquisite light. "You *will* then?" "I will."

At this she pushed back her chair and was the next moment on her feet. "Thank you!" she said with her hand held out to him across the table and with no less a meaning in the words than her lips had so particularly given them after Chad's dinner. The golden nail she had then driven in pierced a good inch deeper. Yet he reflected that he himself had only meanwhile done what he had made up his mind to on the same occasion. So far as the essence of the matter went he had simply stood fast on the spot on which he had then planted his feet.

XVII.

He received three days after this a communication from America, in the form of a scrap of blue paper folded and gummed, not reaching him through his bankers, but delivered at his hotel by a small boy in uniform, who, under instructions from the concierge, approached him as he slowly paced the little court. It was the evening hour, but daylight was long now and Paris more than ever penetrating. The scent of flowers was in the streets, he had the whiff of violets perpetually in his nose; and he had attached himself to sounds and suggestions, vibrations of the air, human and dramatic, he imagined, as they were not in other places, that came out for him more and more as the mild afternoons deepened—a far-off hum, a sharp, near click on the asphalt, a voice calling, replying, somewhere, and as full of tone as an actor's in a play. He was to dine at home, as usual, with Waymarsh—they had settled to that for thrift and simplicity; and he now hung about before his friend came down.

He read his telegram in the court, standing still a long time where he had opened it and giving five minutes, afterwards, to the renewed study of it. At last, quickly, he crumpled it up as if to get it out of the way; in spite of which, however, he kept it there—still kept it when, at the end of another turn, he had dropped into a chair placed near a small table. Here, with his scrap of paper compressed in his fist and further concealed by his folding his arms tight, he sat for some time in thought, gazed before him so straight that Waymarsh appeared and approached him without catching his eye. The latter, in fact, struck with his appearance, looked at him hard for a single instant and then, as if determined to that course by some special vividness in it, dropped back into the *salon de lecture* without addressing him. But the pilgrim from Milrose permitted himself still to observe the scene from behind the clear glass plate of that retreat. Strether ended, as he sat, by a fresh scrutiny of his compressed missive, which he smoothed out carefully again as he placed it on his table. There it remained for some minutes, until, at last looking up, he saw Waymarsh watching him from within. It was on this that their

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eyes met—met for a moment during which neither moved. But Strether then got up, folding his telegram more carefully and putting it into his waistcoat pocket.

A few minutes later the friends were seated together at dinner; but Strether had meanwhile said nothing about it, and they eventually parted, after coffee in the court, with nothing said on either side. Our friend had moreover the consciousness that even less than usual was said on this occasion between them, so that it was almost as if each had been waiting for something from the other. Waymarsh had always more or less the air of sitting at the door of his tent, and silence, after so many weeks, had come to play its part in their concert. This note indeed, to Strether's sense, had lately taken a fuller tone, and it was his fancy to-night that they had never quite so drawn it out. Yet it befell, none the less, that he closed the door to confidence when his companion finally asked him if there were anything particular the matter with him. "Nothing," he replied, "more than usual."

On the morrow, at an early hour, however, he found occasion to give an answer more in consonance with the facts. What was the matter had continued to be so all the previous evening, the first hours of which, after dinner, in his room, he had devoted to the copious composition of a letter. He had quitted Waymarsh for this purpose, leaving him to his own resources with less ceremony than their wont, but finally coming down again with his letter unconcluded and going forth into the streets without inquiry for his comrade. He had taken a long, vague walk, and one o'clock had struck before his return and his re-ascent to his room by the aid of the glimmering candle-end left for him on the shelf outside the porter's lodge. He had possessed himself, on closing his door, of the numerous loose sheets of his unfinished composition, and then, without reading them over, had torn them into small pieces. He had thereupon slept—as if it had been in some measure thanks to that sacrifice—the sleep of the just, and had prolonged his rest considerably beyond his custom. Thus it was that when, between nine and ten, the tap of the knob of a walking-stick sounded on his door, he had not yet made himself altogether presentable. Chad Newsome's bright, deep voice, determined quickly enough, none the less, the admission of the visitor. The little blue paper of the evening before, plainly an object the more precious for its escape from premature destruction, now lay on the sill of the open window, smoothed out afresh and kept from blowing away by the superincumbent weight of his watch. Chad, looking about with careless and competent criticism, as he looked wherever he went, immediately espied it and permitted himself to fix it for a moment rather hard. After which he turned his eyes to his host. "It has come then at last?"

Strether paused in the act of pinning his necktie. "Then you know—? You've had one too?"

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"No, I've had nothing, and I only know what I see. I see that thing and I guess. Well," he added, "it comes as pat as in a play, for I've precisely turned up this morning—as I would have done yesterday, but it was impossible—to take you."

"To take me?" Strether had turned again to his glass.

"Back, at last, as I promised. I'm ready—I've really been ready this month. I've only been waiting for you—as was perfectly right. But you're better now; you're safe—I see that for myself; you've got all your good. You're looking, this morning, as fit as a flea."

Strether, at his glass, finished dressing; consulting that witness moreover on this last opinion. *Was* he looking preternaturally fit? There was something in it perhaps for Chad's wonderful eye, but he had felt himself, for hours, rather in pieces. Such a judgment, however, was after all but a contribution to his resolve; it testified unwittingly to his wisdom. He was still firmer, apparently—since it shone in him as a light—than he had flattered himself. His firmness indeed was slightly compromised, as he faced about to his friend, by the way this very personage looked—though the case would of course have been worse had not the secret of personal magnificence been at every hour Chad's unfailing possession. There he was in all the pleasant morning freshness of it—strong and sleek and gay, easy and fragrant and fathomless, with happy health in his color, and pleasant silver in his thick young hair, and the right word for everything on the lips that his clear brownness caused to show as red. He had never struck Strether as personally such a success; it was as if now, for his definite surrender, he had gathered himself vividly together. This, sharply and rather strangely, was the form in which he was to be presented to Woollett. Our friend took him in again—he was always taking him in and yet finding that parts of him still remained out; though even thus his image showed through a mist of other things. "I've had a cable," Strether said, "from your mother."

"I dare say, my dear man. I hope she's well."

Strether hesitated. "No—she's not well, I'm sorry to have to tell you."

"Ah," said Chad, "I must have had the instinct of it. All the more reason then that we should start straight off."

Strether had now got together hat, gloves and stick, but Chad had dropped on the sofa as if to show where he wished to make his point. He kept observing his companion's things; he might have been judging how quickly they could be packed. He might even have wished to hint that he would send his own servant to assist. "What do you mean," Strether inquired, "by 'straight off'?"

"Oh, by one of next week's boats. Everything at this season goes out so light that berths will be easy anywhere."

Strether had in his hand his telegram, which he had kept there after attaching his watch, and he now offered it to Chad, who,

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however, with an odd movement, declined to take it. "Thanks, I had rather not. Your correspondence with mother is your own affair. I'm only *with* you both on it, whatever it is." Strether, at this, while their eyes met, slowly folded the missive and put it in his pocket; after which, before he had spoken again, Chad broke fresh ground. "Has Miss Gostrey come back?"

But when Strether presently spoke, it was not in answer. "It's not, I gather, that your mother is physically ill; her health, on the whole, this spring, seems to have been better than usual. But she's worried, she's anxious; and it appears to have risen within the last few days to a climax. We've tired out, between us, her patience."

"Oh, it isn't *you!*" Chad generously protested.

"I beg your pardon—it *is* me." Strether was mild and melancholy, but firm. He saw it far away and over his companion's head. "It's very particularly me."

"Well, then, all the more reason. *Marchons, marchons!*" said the young man gayly. His host, however, at this, but continued to stand agaze; and he had the next thing repeated his question of a moment before. "Has Miss Gostrey come back?"

"Yes, two days ago."

"Then you've seen her?"

"No—I'm to see her to-day." But Strether wouldn't linger now on Miss Gostrey. "Your mother sends me an ultimatum. If I can't bring you I'm to leave you; I'm to come at any rate myself."

"Ah, but you *can* bring me now," Chad, from his sofa, reassuringly replied.

Strether hesitated. "I don't think I understand you. Why was it that, more than a month ago, you put it to me so urgently to let Mme. de Vionnet speak for you?"

"'Why'?" Chad considered, but he had it at his fingers' ends. "Why but because I knew how well she'd do it? It was the way to keep you quiet and, to that extent, do you good. Besides," he happily and comfortably explained, "I wanted you really to know her and to get the impression of her—and you see the good that *has* done you."

"Well," said Strether, "the way she has spoken for you, all the same—so far as I have given her a chance—has only made me feel how much she wishes to keep you. If you make nothing of that I don't see why you wanted me to listen to her."

"Why, my dear man," Chad exclaimed, "I make everything of it! How can you doubt—?"

"I doubt only because you come to me this morning with your signal to start."

Chad stared, then gave a laugh. "And isn't my signal to start just what you've been waiting for?"

Strether debated; he took another turn. "This last month I've been awaiting, I think, more than anything else, the message I have here."

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"You mean you've been afraid of it?"

"Well, I was doing my business in my own way. And I suppose your present announcement," Strether went on, "isn't merely the result of your sense of what I've expected. Otherwise you wouldn't have put me in relation—" But he paused, pulling up.

At this Chad rose. "Ah, *her* wanting me not to go has nothing to do with it! It's only because she's afraid—afraid of the way that, over there, I may get caught. But her fear's groundless."

He had met again his companion's sufficiently searching look. "Are you tired of her?"

Chad gave him in reply to this, with a movement of the head, the strangest slow smile he had ever had from him. "Never."

It had immediately, on Strether's imagination, so deep and soft an effect that our friend could only, for the moment, keep it before him. "Never?"

"Never," Chad obligingly and serenely repeated.

It made his companion take several more steps. "Then *you're* not afraid."

"Afraid to go?"

Strether pulled up again. "Afraid to stay."

The young man looked brightly amazed. "You want me now to 'stay'?"

"If I don't immediately sail, the Pococks will immediately come out. That's what I mean," said Strether, "by your mother's ultimatum."

Chad showed a still livelier but not an alarmed interest. "She has turned on Sarah and Jim?"

Strether joined him for an instant in the vision. "Oh, and you may be sure, Mamie. *That's* whom she's turning on."

This also Chad saw—he laughed out. "Mamie—to corrupt me?"

"Oh," said Strether, "she's very charming."

"So you've already more than once told me. I should like to see her."

Something happy and easy, something above all unconscious, in the way he said this, brought home again to his companion the facility of his attitude and the enviability of his state. "See her then by all means. And consider too," Strether went on, "that you really give your sister a lift in letting her come to you. You give her a couple of months of Paris, which she hasn't seen, if I'm not mistaken, since just after she was married, and which I'm sure she wants but the pretext to visit."

Chad listened, but with all his own knowledge of the world. "She has had it, the pretext, these several years, yet she has never taken it."

"Do you mean *you?*" Strether after an instant inquired.

"Certainly—the lone exile. And whom do *you* mean?" said Chad.

"Oh, I mean *me*. I'm her pretext. That is—for it comes to the same thing—I'm your mother's."

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"Then why," Chad asked, "doesn't mother come herself?"

His friend gave him a long look. "Should you like her to?" And then as he for the moment said nothing: "It's perfectly open to you to cable for her."

Chad continued to think. "Will she come if I do?"

"Quite possibly. But try, and you'll see."

"Why don't *you* try?" Chad after a moment asked.

"Because I don't want to."

Chad hesitated. "Don't desire her presence here?"

Strether faced the question, and his answer was the more emphatic. "Don't put it off, my dear boy, on *me!*"

"Well—I see what you mean. I'm sure you'd behave beautifully, but you *don't* want to see her. So I won't play you that trick."

"Ah," Strether declared, "I shouldn't call it a trick. You've a perfect right, and it would be perfectly straight of you." Then he added in a different tone: "You'd have moreover, in the person of Mme. de Vionnet, a very interesting relation prepared for her."

Their eyes, on this proposition, continued to meet, but Chad's, pleasant and bold, never flinched for a moment. He got up at last, and he said something with which Strether was struck. "She wouldn't understand her, but that makes no difference. Mme. de Vionnet would like to see her. She'd like to be charming to her. She believes she could work it."

Strether thought a moment, affected by this, but finally turning away. "She couldn't!"

"You're quite sure?" Chad asked.

"Well, risk it if you like!"

Strether, who uttered this with serenity, had urged a plea for their now getting into the air, but the young man still waited. "Have you sent your answer?"

"No, I've done nothing yet."

"Were you waiting to see me?"

"No, not that."

"Only waiting"—and Chad, with this, had a smile for him—"to see Miss Gostrey?"

"No—not even Miss Gostrey. I wasn't waiting to see any one. I had only waited, till now, to make up my mind—in complete solitude; and, since I of course absolutely owe you the information, was on the point of going out with it quite made up. Have therefore a little more patience with me. Remember," Strether went on, "that that is what, originally, you asked *me* to have. I've had it, you see, and you see what has come of it. Stay on with me."

Chad looked grave. "How much longer?"

"Well, till I make you a sign. I can't myself, you know, at the best, or at the worst, stay forever. Let the Pococks come," Strether repeated.

"Because it gains you time?"

"Yes—it gains me time."

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Chad, as if it still puzzled him, waited a minute. "You don't want to get back to mother?"

"Not just yet. I'm not ready."

"You feel," Chad asked in a tone of his own, "the charm of life here?"

"Immensely." Strether faced it. "You've helped me so to feel it that that surely needn't surprise you."

"No, it doesn't surprise me, and I'm delighted. But what, my dear man," Chad went on with conscious queerness, "does it all lead to for you?"

The change of position and of relation, for each, was so oddly betrayed in the question that Chad laughed out as soon as he had uttered it—which made Strether also laugh. "Well, to my having a certitude that has been tested—that has passed through the fire. But, oh," he couldn't help breaking out, "if within my first month here you had been willing to move with me—!"

"Well?" said Chad, while he paused as if for weight of thought.

"Well, we should have been over there by now."

"Ah, but you wouldn't have had your fun!"

"I should have had a month of it; and I'm having now, if you want to know," Strether continued, "enough to last me for the rest of my days."

Chad looked amused and interested, yet still somewhat in the dark; partly perhaps because Strether's estimate of fun had required of him from the first a good deal of interpretation. "It wouldn't do if I left you—?"

"Left me?"—Strether remained blank.

"Only for a month or two—time to go and come. Mme. de Vionnet," Chad smiled, "would look after you in the interval."

"To go back by yourself, I remaining here?" Again, for an instant, their eyes had the question out; after which Strether said: "Grotesque!"

"But I want to see mother," Chad presently returned. "Remember how long it is since I've seen mother."

"Long indeed; and that's exactly why I was originally so sharp for moving you. Hadn't you shown us enough how beautifully you could do without it?"

"Oh, but," said Chad wonderfully, "I'm better now."

There was an easy triumph in it that made his friend laugh out again. "Oh, if you were worse, I *should* know what to do with you. In that case, I believe, I'd have you gagged and strapped down, carried on board resisting, kicking. How *much*," Strether asked, "do you want to see mother?"

"How much?"—Chad seemed to find it, in fact, difficult to say.

"How much."

"Why, as much as you've made me. I'd give anything to see her. And you've left me," Chad went on "in little enough doubt as to how much *she* wants it."

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Strether thought a minute. "Well then, if those things are really your motive, catch the French steamer and sail to-morrow. Of course, when it comes to that, you're absolutely free to do as you choose. From the moment you can't hold yourself, I can only accept your flight."

"I'll fly in a minute then," said Chad, "if you'll stay here."

"I'll stay here till the next steamer—then I'll follow you."

"And do you call that," Chad asked, "accepting my flight?"

"Certainly—it's the only thing to call it. The only way to keep me here, accordingly," Strether explained, "is by staying yourself."

Chad took it in. "All the more that I've really dished you, eh?"

"Dished me?" Strether echoed as inexpressively as possible.

"Why, if she sends out the Pococks it will be that she doesn't trust you; and if she doesn't trust you, that bears upon—well, you know what."

Strether decided after a moment that he did know what, and in consonance with this he spoke. "You see then, all the more, what you owe me."

"Well, if I do see how can I pay?"

"By not deserting me. By standing by me."

"Oh, I say—!" But Chad, as they went downstairs, clapped a firm hand, in the manner of a pledge, upon his shoulder. They descended slowly together and had, in the court of the hotel, some further talk, of which the upshot was that they presently separated. Chad Newsome departed, and Strether, left alone, looked about, superficially, for Waymarsh. But Waymarsh had not yet, it appeared, come down, and our friend finally went out without a sight of him.

XVIII.

At four o'clock that afternoon he had still not seen him, but he was then, as to make up for this, engaged in talk about him with Miss Gostrey. Strether had kept away from home all day, given himself up to the town and to his thoughts, wandered and mused, been at once restless and absorbed—and all with the present climax of a rich little welcome in the Quartier Marbœuf. "Waymarsh has been, 'unbeknown' to me, I'm convinced"—for Miss Gostrey had inquired—"in communication with Woollett: the consequence of which was, last night, the loudest possible call for me."

"Do you mean a letter to bring you home?"

"No—a cable, which I have at this moment in my pocket: a 'Come back by the first ship.'"

Strether's hostess, it might have been made out, just escaped changing color. Reflection arrived but in time and established a provisional serenity. It was perhaps exactly this that enabled her to say with duplicity: "And you're going—?"

"You almost deserve it when you abandon me so."

She shook her head as if this were not worth taking up. "My

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absence has helped you—as I've only to look at you to see. It was my calculation, and I'm justified. You're not where you were. And the thing," she smiled, "was for me not to be there either. You can go of yourself."

"Oh, but I feel to-day," he comfortably declared, "that I shall want you yet."

She took him all in again. "Well, I promise you not again to leave you, but it will only be to follow you. You've got your momentum, and you can toddle alone."

He intelligently accepted it. "Yes—I suppose I can toddle. It's the sight of that in fact that has upset Waymarsh. He can bear it—the way I strike him as going—no longer. That's only the climax of his original feeling. He wants me to quit; and he must have written to Woollett that I'm in peril of perdition."

"Ah, good!" she murmured. "But is it only your supposition?"

"I make it out—it explains."

"Then he denies?—or you haven't asked him?"

"I've not had time," Strether said; "I made it out but last night, putting various things together, and I've not been since then face to face with him."

She wondered. "Because you're too disgusted? You can't trust yourself?"

He settled his glasses on his nose. "Do I look in a great rage?"

"You look divine!"

"There's nothing," he went on, "to be angry about. He has done me on the contrary a service."

She made it out. "By bringing things to a head?"

"How well you understand!" he almost groaned. "Waymarsh won't in the least, at any rate, when I have it out with him, deny or extenuate. He has acted from the deepest conviction, with the best conscience, and after wakeful nights. He'll recognize that he's fully responsible, and will consider that he has been highly successful; so that any discussion we may have will bring us quite together again—bridge the dark stream that has kept us so thoroughly apart. We shall have at last, in the consequences of his act, some thing we can definitely talk about."

She was silent a little. "How wonderfully you take it! But you're always wonderful."

He had a pause that matched her own; then he had, with an adequate spirit, a complete admission. "It's quite true. I'm extremely wonderful just now. I dare say in fact I'm quite fantastic, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if I were mad."

"Then tell me!" she earnestly pressed. As he, however, for the time, answered nothing, only returning the look with which she watched him, she presented herself where it was easier to meet her. "What will Mr. Waymarsh exactly have done?"

"Simply have written a letter. One will have been quite enough. He has told them I want looking after."

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"And *do* you?"—she was all interest.

"Immensely. And I shall get it."

"By which you mean you don't budge?"

"I don't budge."

"You've cabled?"

"No—I've made Chad do it."

"That you decline to come?"

"That *he* declines. We had it out this morning, and I brought him round. He had come in, before I was down, to tell me he was ready—ready, I mean, to return. And he went off, after ten minutes with me, to say he wouldn't."

Miss Gostrey followed with intensity. "Then you've *stopped* him?"

Strether settled himself afresh in his chair. "I've stopped him. That is for the time. That"—he gave it to her more vividly—"is where I am."

"I see, I see. But where is Mr. Newsome? He was ready," she asked, "to go?"

"All ready."

"And sincerely—believing *you* would be?"

"Perfectly, I think; so that he was amazed to find the hand I had laid on him to pull him over suddenly converted into an engine for keeping him still."

It was an account of the matter Miss Gostrey could weigh. "Does he think the conversion sudden?"

"Well," said Strether, "I'm not altogether sure what he thinks. I'm not sure of anything that concerns him, except that the more I've seen of him the less I've found him what I originally expected. He's obscure, and that's why I'm waiting."

She wondered. "But for what in particular?"

"For the answer to his cable."

"And what was his cable?"

"I don't know," Strether replied; "it was to be, when he left me, according to his own taste. I simply said to him: 'I want to stay, and the only way for me to do so is for *you* to.' That I wanted to stay seemed to interest him, and he acted on that."

Miss Gostrey turned it over. "He wants, then, himself to stay."

"He half wants it. That is he half wants to go. My original appeal has to that extent worked in him. Nevertheless," Strether pursued, "he won't go. Not, at least, so long as I'm here."

"But you can't," his companion suggested, "stay here always. I wish you could."

"By no means. Still, I want to see him a little further. He is not in the least the case I supposed; he's quite another case. And it's as such that he interests me." It was almost as if for his own intelligence that, deliberate and lucid, our friend thus expressed the matter. "I don't want to give him up."

Miss Gostrey but wanted to help his lucidity. She had, however, to be light and tactful. "Up, you mean—a—to his mother?"

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"Well, I'm not thinking of his mother now. I'm thinking of the plan of which I was the mouthpiece, which, as soon as we met, I put before him as persuasively as I knew how, and which was drawn up, as it were, in complete ignorance of all that, in this last long period, has been happening to him. It took no account whatever of the impressions I was, here on the spot, immediately to begin to receive from him—impressions of which I feel sure I'm far from having had the last."

Miss Gostrey had a smile of the most genial criticism. "So your idea is—more or less—to stay out of curiosity?"

"Call it what you like! I don't care what it's called—"

"So long as you do stay? Certainly not then. I call it, all the same, immense fun," Maria Gostrey declared; "and to see you work it out will be one of the sensations of my life. It *is* clear you can toddle alone!"

He received this tribute without elation. "I sha'n't be alone when the Pococks have come."

Her eyebrows went up. "The Pococks are coming?"

"That, I mean, is what will happen—and happen as quickly as possible—in consequence of Chad's cable. They'll simply embark. Sarah will come to speak for her mother—with an effect different from *my* muddle."

Miss Gostrey more gravely wondered. "*She* then will take him back?"

"Very possibly—and we shall see. She must at any rate have the chance, and she may be trusted to do all she can."

"And do you *want* that?"

"Of course," said Strether, "I want it. I want to play fair."

But she had lost for a moment the thread. "If it devolves on the Pococks why do you stay?"

"Just to see that I *do* play fair—and a little also, no doubt, that *they* do." Strether was luminous as he had never been. "I came out to find myself in presence of new facts—facts that have kept striking me as less and less met by our old reasons. The matter's perfectly simple. New reasons — reasons as new as the facts themselves—are wanted; and of this our friends at Woollett—Chad's and mine—were at the earliest moment definitely notified. If any are producible Mrs. Pocock will produce them; she'll bring over the whole collection. They'll be," he added with a pensive smile, "a part of the 'fun' you speak of."

She was quite in the current now and floating by his side. "It's Mamie—so far as I've had it from you—who'll be their great card." And then, as his contemplative silence was not a denial, she significantly added: "I think I'm sorry for her."

"I think *I* am!"—and Strether sprang up, moving about a little as her eyes followed him. "But it can't be helped."

"You mean her coming out can't be?"

He explained after another turn what he meant. "The only

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way for her not to come is for me to go home—as I believe that, on the spot, I could prevent it. But the difficulty as to that is that if I do go home—"

"I see, I see"—she had easily understood. "Mr. Newsome will do the same, and that's not"—she laughed out now—"to be thought of."

Strether had no laugh; he had only a quiet, comparatively placid look that might have shown him as proof against ridicule. "Strange, isn't it?"

They had, in the matter that so much interested them, come so far as this without sounding another name—to which, however, their present momentary silence was full of a conscious reference. Strether's question was a sufficient implication of the weight it had gained with him during the absence of his hostess; and just for that reason a single gesture from her could pass for him as a vivid answer. Yet he was answered still better when she said in a moment: "Will Mr. Newsome introduce his sister—?"

"To Mme. de Vionnet?" Strether spoke the name at last. "I shall be greatly surprised if he doesn't."

She seemed to gaze at the possibility. "You mean you've thought of it and you're prepared."

"I've thought of it and am prepared."

"*Bon!* You *are* magnificent."

"Well," he answered after a pause and a little wearily, but still standing there before her—"well, that's what, just once in all my dull days, I think I shall like to have been!"

(To be continued.)

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